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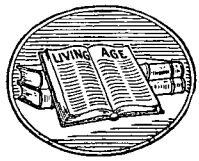

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BRITAIN IN PERSIA

[EDITORIAL NOTE: The following *précis* of the Anglo-Persian agreement has been taken from the columns of the London *Tablet*.

'After prolonged negotiations between the British and Persian governments an agreement has been concluded which should provide internal peace for Persia and should contribute to the security of the northwestern frontiers of India. The British and Russian spheres of interest delimited in 1907 are abolished and Great Britain undertakes to provide Persia, at Persia's expense, with the expert assistance and advice which will enable the state to be rebuilt. Among other things the Persian Government desires to establish a uniform force into which shall be incorporated all the various elements — Persian regulars and gendarmerie, the Cossack Brigade, the South Persian Rifles, etc.— which have hitherto existed in various parts of the country. Great Britain proposes to lend such officers as may be required to organize this force. Further the Treasury has agreed to make an advance to the Persian Government of £2,000,000, to be shared equally by the government of India and the Treasury, and to be secured upon the Persian Customs revenues, in order to allow the Persian Government to initiate the reforms which are in contemplation. This country will also back Persia in her desire for the revision of treaties, her claims for compensation for damage inflicted by other belligerents, and for the rectification of her frontier. At the same time it is announced that the Shah, who has been a warm supporter of the agreement, is on his way to this country on a visit to mark his good will. While we gain neither territory nor domination we do obtain a position which should enable us to do much for the security of peace in the East. In the French press, while some organs regard the agreement as a virtual protectorate, others admit that we have shown good conduct of our own affairs.']

1. *An Approving View*

THE recent Anglo-Persian agreement will be welcomed by all who have the interests of Persia and the British Empire at heart. In itself it is a simple, straightforward, sensible arrangement, which, in a few words, covers the whole matter of correct policy, and reflects the greatest credit upon Lord Curzon, Sir Percy Cox, and the Indian and Persian governments. With the exception of some criticism in the French press, mostly made with an eye to French ambitions in Syria, the agreement has met with unanimous approval.

The amount of the loan, £2,000,000, seems a very modest sum for such an ambitious programme, but no doubt subsequent aid will be forthcoming as required. With a population of about 10,000,000, the present public debt of Persia is a mere nothing of about £7,000,000. Given a proper administration, a very much larger revenue could without hardship be collected for development purposes.

An objection to the agreement as it stands is the absence of a time-limit after which British personnel would be withdrawn from control of Persian departments. Twenty-five to thirty years, during which a new generation

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of Persian officials might be trained in the ethics of public morality, would be sufficient. Such a limitation of the period of tutelage would rob the Persian opponents of British control of one of their chief weapons. For the sake of the future security of the world it should be understood that Great Britain intends to act in good faith. There is already a wrong impression being spread that Britain, taking advantage of the disabilities of the Peace Conference and Russia, intends, to the *practical* extinction of Persian independence, to extend her Indian system westward. This suggestion is in accord with neither the terms of the agreement nor the avowed intentions of its framers. Such a procedure could never succeed, for Persians are very jealous of their national independence. The agreement seeks practical results and not new problems.

It should, however, be earnestly and constantly impressed upon those who may be sent by Britain to carry out the reorganization that no attempt whatever should be made to stifle Persian nationality. It should be clearly understood that if the British officials selected for the various missions fail to act in a sympathetic manner, or attempt to treat sovereign Persia as a mere appendage of India, no agreement, however wise, has a chance of successful accomplishment without a very large army of occupation behind the unsympathetic foreigners. In all times, high-handed repressive measures by foreigners have been costly failures in Persia, as witness the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907 and the events in Shiraz in 1918.

Quick results cannot be expected, and impatience or a desire for too rapid assimilation of British ideas will breed opposition — there are many enthusiastic, purely Persian, reformers, and these should be convinced, not antagonized. Persia, like China, has a way of absorbing her conquerors, but Britain must impress upon her sons whom she sends to Persia that they go, *not as conquerors*, but as *friends in need*.

Since 1905 foreigners, including Austrians, Russians, French, Swedes, Americans, and British, have made fourteen unsuccessful attempts to reorganize Persian forces. If this British attempt is to succeed, the greatest importance attaches to the selection of the British personnel. Everything depends upon whether the men sent out possess strong character, an accurate knowledge of Persia, and sympathy with Persians. Their ambitions should be made to lie in Persia, and should not depend upon London or Delhi. Men without personality will fail to gain the essential support of the Persians. Their task is not nearly so easy as it appears.

Regarding the present value of the agreement, all that has yet been accomplished is that the British Foreign Office, the Indian Government, and a certain pro-British Persian Cabinet have decided upon a very sound policy. There is hope — for without a policy there could be only chaos; Britain has accepted the mandate for an Oriental Ireland, but everything practical yet remains to be accomplished. With grave responsibilities at home and in India and elsewhere, the duty Britain has undertaken is a heavy one. The Persian delegation in Paris, the strong anti-British elements in Persia, including some of the great tribes and the warring peoples in the northwest, under the influence of the Turks, or of border unrest, have not accepted the agreement. Kurds and others do not even recognize the authority of the Persian Government. No reëstablishment of order is possible until the civil and nomadic populations have

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been disarmed; the whole country is a junk shop of dangerous ironmongery, relics of former military organizations, robber bands, and rival factions. The newly organized forces cannot for some time be efficient, and financial reforms will not be imposed without a firm display of force.

Where is the force in the meantime to come from? Certainly not, as in the past and at present, from British and Indian armies — such an unwarrantable interference has been a fruitful source of antagonism to Britain. It is wrong and impracticable to use British troops in Persian political difficulties, or to coerce Persian citizens or ryots who may be merely resisting unjust taxation.

During the training and organization period the tranquillity of the country will largely depend upon the utilization of such forces as now exist, and here the key to success is the character of the British officers commanding the troops and the British officials advising conflicting Persian authorities.

To send the traditional British missions, composed of public-spirited, dutiful, or place-hunting Britishers, with no special keenness or qualification for the work, would be to invite failure. The task is one for young men who have their hearts in Persia — no 'dugouts' or titular figureheads will do. The task is onerous, and not the least part of it will be to bring Persian opinion to the support of the Persian Government; the acts of the British personnel will militate against or redound to the credit of the government. Disorder is endemic in the minds of tribesmen, and, without profitable outlets for nomadic energy, such as agriculture or commercial enterprise, reconstruction will be difficult. The necessary suppression of the universal sale of offices will call forth much resistance from the higher classes, while the constant pressure of Bolshevist, pan-Islamic, and, later, probably Russian designs, will necessitate great vigilance. The development of communications will mitigate the military difficulties; but here much fallacy is apparent in British opinion. The press, thanks to impracticable observers, has advocated motor roads. A few working statistics upon motor transport in Persia and some slight knowledge of commerce and engineering would show that from actual experience the only solution of the main communications is railways. Motor and aerial transport only beg the question, or are adjuncts to a proper railway system; trunk roads and motor transport, as compared with railways, are most inefficient and infinitely more expensive. The capital necessary for railway development, given political security, can mostly be found eventually in Persia. Transport to-day in Persia costs about *four shillings per mile per ton!*

Every effort should be taken to interest the young Shah of Persia in modern methods during his stay in England. In addition to 'stock' sights, like Vickers, Limited, such places as Harrods, telephone exchanges, aerodromes, refrigerating plants, and electric appliance displays might be shown him. If his interest could be so stimulated as to encourage him to become a worthy heir to the Great Shah Abbas's propensity for improving the communications and economics of his country, much good might result. He is very, very stout, and is obsessed with the idea that microbes lurk everywhere, so his dwelling-place should be scrupulously clean.

Finally, the keynotes to success in Persia are patience and sympathy on the part of the British. If the British missions are as sound as the policy they will be required to carry out, the

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Anglo-Persian agreement just concluded will be a happy augury for the future.

The Outlook

II. *An Unfavorable Criticism*

If ever the eventful period through which we are passing finds an adequately human historian, his record of the obstinate vitality of the faith of mankind will make moving reading. Half his story will be of the inadequacy of statesmen, the cynicism of governments, and the collapse of great ideals in the peace treaties and the Covenant of the League of Nations. But against this, if he is truthful, he will set the fact that millions of unhappy men did believe with passionate fervor in the dawn of a new age, and acted on their belief. He will record how the enemy capitulated in firm faith in a Wilson peace according to the Fourteen Points. He will describe that amazing General Election in Ireland in which Sinn Fein swept up the votes of the Irish race for its policy of an appeal to the Peace Conference and the conscience of Europe. He will record the gathering at Paris of all the halt and the maimed among the nations, and the waiting of their delegates in Paris round this diplomatic Pool of Siloam for the miracle of the moving of the waters that never came. In retrospect, the surprising thing will not be the victory of the strong over the weak, and the suppression of every cry that might have troubled the victors: it will be the stirring of this sudden belief in the power of right and the efficacy of an ideal. Posterity will be very curious about the personality of this President Wilson, whose words had such force that precisely those races on the earth who knew most intimately what it means to feel the hand of irresistible power at their throats, were the first to imagine that in this assembly of mankind the voice of the despised would be heard, and great empires shrink before the conscience of civilization.

Diplomacy has its conventions which admirably serve the needs of the strong in such an emergency. It is not wonderful that Ireland and Egypt got no hearing: they are not sovereign states: they have no juridical personality of which the law will take cognizance. The case of Persia was much more delicate. Again and again her sovereign independence had been fully recognized. She had been allowed a seat in the Hague Conferences, perhaps because Russia reckoned her vote with that of Montenegro among her satellites. She actually figures in the Covenant of the League in the most honorable position among its original members; and the American Senator may possibly be right who suggests that the reason for this distinction is that Persia's vote can now be reckoned among the group which will necessarily follow British leadership. Formally, then, as a sovereign state and a member of the League, Persia had every right to be heard. She had a strong case to plead. Like Belgium, she also had seen her territory abused and her neutrality violated, first by Russian and then by Turkish armies, and of these the latter (if not both) had massacred her people and devastated her land. She was entitled to reparation, and she needed every sort of help, from the guidance of foreign experts to the lending of money, in order to reconstruct her shattered fortunes.

Diplomatically her status clearly called for review. Since 1907 she had lived under the shadow of the Anglo-Russian Convention, which divided her territory, parceled out her economic opportunities between her two great neighbors, and regulated her freedom of action, chiefly to Russia's ad-

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vantage. Russia, in the early days of the Kerensky régime, had very handsomely renounced her privileges under this convention, and it had lapsed in consequence, for Persia herself had never been a party to it. What now would be her destiny? The epoch of condominium was over, yet Persia, as a result of the war and the tramplings of rival armies across her soil, was less than ever able to stand without some help.

Must she then become absolutely the protected satellite of Great Britain. That, with Russia a casualty, and with British armies actually in occupation of her territory, might have seemed the inevitable solution. But the Persians had heard of Mr. Wilson. They had read, not only in his speeches, but in those of Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey, of the new epoch in which the weakest state would enjoy the same rights as the greatest. They actually dared to hope that this subversive, this almost Bolshevist doctrine, might have some application to their case. They wanted the help of expert Europeans to bring order to their finances and to reconstruct their dilapidated system of administration; but they dreaded the old system by which Russian or British nominees were forced upon them. They gratefully remembered the American, Mr. Shuster, who had come among them by their own invitation, served them without interested purpose as their devoted official, and worked miracles during the few months that the Russians allowed him to remain at his post. Perhaps they might have equal luck again; in any event they wished to be free to go at their own choice to one western state or another, to borrow financial or educational or military experts. If they were really members of the League, equal through need, fellows with the greatest powers in this society, ought it not to help them to find the kind of experts that they required, and also perhaps to secure the necessary credits? We remember a recent speech in which Lord Grey laid stress on precisely this function as one of the most important aspects of the League.

It turned out otherwise. The Persian Mission, more lucky than some others, did indeed reach Paris safely. Month after month went by, however, and it found that the doors of the Big Four were always barred. It could talk to journalists. It got a ticket for the Hall of Mirrors. But never did it see before it even the faintest prospect of an audience with the dictators of civilization. The Shah and his government waited, and when they had waited nine months, their faith gave out. They bowed to the inevitable and they concluded with the British Government the treaty which it had all along intended to impose. We do not feel disposed to argue over its nature. The Foreign Office announces that it does not amount to anything like a protectorate; in such apologies the Foreign Office is much less clever than it is in the manœuvres which really interest it. It knows the sort of House of Commons to which it speaks. The treaty, as we read it, places Persia in the same position toward this Empire that Egypt occupied before 1914. We do, indeed, pledge ourselves to recognize its independence, much as we had pledged ourselves to evacuate Egypt. It is independence qualified by the fact that we alone are to appoint the 'advisers' who will control its policy, and we alone are to appoint the officers who command the forces which will execute the 'advice.'

To be sure, diplomacy, which rarely forgets the dictates of good manners, affects in the treaty to regard these appointments as the result of discussions between the Persians and our-

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selves. We, however, shall discuss with our troops on Persian soil, with the keys of the world's Council Chamber in our hands, and the financial assets of Persia already mortgaged to us. Persia is tied to us, fatally and completely. If, in a moment of desperation, she were to bethink herself of turning to some other Power for aid, she would find herself in a hopeless *cul-de-sac*. This treaty is primarily an advertisement to all other powers—great and small—that Persia is our sphere This Moab is our wash-pot; over Edom have we cast our shoe. No other power can trespass without committing an unfriendly act. And if—to consider every hypothesis—some other power were so to trespass, with what resources could she go to work? We have a lien on the customs. We acquire by this treaty the rights of railway building, and control the alternative means of transport also. We already had the oil-fields; Persia, in short, has placed all her assets in our hands. We can perceive only one respect in which this régime differs from an avowed protectorate: The disguise (such as it is) will enable the Foreign Office to escape the inquisition (such as it is) of the House of Commons.

Two consequences follow from this over-smart performance. The French are exceedingly annoyed. They have never hitherto displayed much interest in Persia, though they may have felt flattered by the wish of the Persians (which we have vetoed) to engage French educational experts. It is hard to believe that 'Pertinax' and the *Temps* are really distressed by this outrage on a little nationality — although to be sure we all have a surprising capacity of sympathy for the victims of our rivals. It may be, of course, that the French are somewhat perturbed by the possible consequences of so many wounds dealt to Moslem pride. They have taken Morocco and Tunis, and they want to take Syria. We have made the Sultan of Turkey our prisoner, and the King of the Hedjaz, the prospective Caliph, is our creature. And now as a climax we extinguish what was left of the independence of the last Mohammedan state. On the whole, however, we imagine that the French press is retaliating against us for our supposed reluctance to carry out the secret treaty which makes over Syria to France. Our troops still hold it. We are supplying arms to the Arab Prince Feisul, backing his claims to Damascus, and also arguing for the maximum extension of the Jewish 'national home' in Palestine. Our experts (while taking Mesopotamia and Egypt for ourselves) talk Arab nationalism, when the French press their claims. They even hint broadly, and probably truly, that outside the Lebanon no one wants to see French rule in Syria. Inevitably comes the retort that the Persians no more desire our protection than the Syrians call for the French. This quarrel, we imagine, will be settled on the usual diplomatic principle that two wrongs make a right. It is known technically as the doctrine of compensations. The French will grow callous about Persia, when we cease to deplore the hard fate of Syria.

The other consequence of this transaction will be more enduring. It has exposed the vanity of the hopes, or, shall we say, of some of the hopes, that were reposed in the League of Nations. If we can, without consulting the rest of the civilized world, assign this great region, with its high though fatally impractical civilization, if we can escape in Persia even the few limitations implied in a formal 'Mandate,' if we can shut the door of the World's Court to any weak suitor whose case runs counter to our interests, we shall have

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succeeded in demonstrating that the critics are deplorably right who say that the League of Nations means nothing but the consecrated hegemony of three or four Great Powers. We by self-interest, the Americans by weakness and incapacity, are destroying the ideal for which both profess to have fought. From crisis to crisis, always in Russia, lately in Hungary, and now in Persia, idealists repeat the warning yet hopeful phrase, 'The League of Nations is passing through a test.' It takes a series of tests to extinguish so great a hope. There will come a moment when men will no longer indulge it.

The Nation.

III. *A French Opinion*

THE London *Daily Mail* undertakes to reassure the French public concerning the consequence of the agreement recently entered into between England and the Persian Cabinet. The *Daily Mail* explains that the agreement cannot possibly work any injury to the commercial interests of France. We are grateful to our contemporary, which has so often earned our good will and which is doing its best once more to strengthen the Franco-British alliance. But, with the frankness which is essential to the maintenance of that alliance, we must add that our perplexities are not concerned with commercial affairs.

Assuredly Persia is an immense and rich domain. Its superficial area is nearly three times that of France. By virtue of its geographical position between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf, between the former Russian Empire, the former Ottoman Empire, and the western boundaries of the British Indian Empire, it stands at the junction of the three spheres of influence which have opposing interests in the Orient, that is to say, the English, the Russian, and the German, which latter was managed through Turkey. The Persian frontier lies within about 200 kilometres of Tiflis, 120 kilometres of Bagdad, and some 600 kilometres of Karatchi, the northwestern port of India.

With its varying altitudes and climatic conditions, Persia is capable of producing all sorts of farm products, provided that sufficient irrigation and means of transport are supplied. Mineral deposits are plentiful, and are simply waiting to be exploited everywhere, as certain oil deposits already have been. One cannot estimate the resources which Persia would afford within twenty or thirty years, to a power which should apply to these modern processes of exploitation.

It would seem that the new Anglo-Persian agreement provides explicitly for the maintenance of Persia's integrity and independence. These terms have been heard before. The Anglo-Russian agreement of August 31, 1907, begins with these words: 'The governments of Great Britain and Russia have mutually bound themselves to respect the integrity and independence of Persia.' That agreement, it will be remembered, had for its chief object to carve out a British zone and a Russian zone in Persian territory. If the same words, integrity and independence, appear again now in the new agreement relative to Persia, it must be admitted that it is difficult to give them any other meaning in 1919 than in 1907 — the meaning of a mere rhetorical precaution.

For, imperfectly as the contents of the new pact are known in Europe, it is readily manifest that it strikes a blow at the independence of Persia. As the Persian Government promises to intrust its armies to British officers, and its finances to British financiers, it no longer possesses an independ-

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ent military force or independent resources with which to exercise its sovereignty and to follow such a policy as it deems expedient. Without going further, without mentioning the loan secured by customs duties, the economic concessions, or the proposed diplomatic collaboration between Great Britain and the Persian Government, it is evident that the political independence of Persia, since the new agreement, is not as complete as it was before.

Now we find in the Covenant of the League of Nations, in Article X: 'The Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League.' And further along, in the Annex, we find Persia among 'the States invited to accede to the Covenant.' Thus, by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles, which includes the Covenant of the League of Nations, and which, having been signed on June 28, has since been ratified by the British Parliament, 'the existing political independence' of Persia must be respected. But it is not.

Will it be said that the treaty is not yet in force? Will it be said that Persia is not yet admitted into the League of Nations, for the 'invited' states cannot seek admission until two months have elapsed after the treaty becomes effective? That would be pharisaical reasoning, indeed, and our Britannic allies set too much store by their reputation for straightforwardness to invite such arguments. Furthermore, if they should be advised to rely upon them, they would simply find themselves involved in a *cul-de-sac* — for this reason:

Persia is governed by the Constitution of December 30, 1906, as amended on October 7, 1907. Article 24 of the Constitution of 1906 reads as follows:

> The conclusion of treaties and conventions, the grant of commercial, industrial, agricultural, and other concessions, without restriction between those granted to its own subjects and to foreigners, shall be subject to confirmation by the National Consultative Assembly, with the exception of treaties which, for reasons of state, and for the public good, must be kept secret.

The Anglo-Persian agreement is not, of course, included in the category of secret treaties, since England has repudiated secret diplomacy. In any event, the Persians have made it public, at Teheran. It must, therefore, be submitted to the Persian Assembly, and so long as that body has not confirmed it, it is non-existent.

But the Assembly in question is not yet reconstituted. Regular elections have taken place in only a part of the districts. The balloting cannot be concluded, nor can the Assembly enter upon its functions, so long as the present condition of affairs endures. Neither the nation nor the government is free. They are under the duress of British military occupation, with all the intermeddling in the political and economic life of the country which such a régime makes possible. We mention no definite facts, in order not to embitter the discussion. But if any doubts are entertained, nothing more is necessary than to send an international commission of inquiry to the spot.

Let us assume that the British troops leave Persia within a few months. Then it will be possible to complete the elections and open the Assembly. Will it ratify the agreement just concluded? It is hardly probable — but let us suppose that it does. Then what will happen? Meanwhile the Treaty of Versailles will have become effective, and Persia will have a seat in the League of Nations. Article X of the Covenant will be in operation; and the impairment of Persian independence will be unlawful, and the

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Anglo-Persian agreement will be rendered null by Article XX of the Covenant of the League of Nations:

> The Members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms hereof.
>
> In case any Member of the League shall, before becoming a Member of the League, have undertaken any obligations inconsistent with the terms of this Covenant, it shall be the duty of such Member to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligations.

In setting forth thus the legal aspect of the matter, we are guided by no hidden motive of self-interest. We are very far from entertaining any idea of saying to our British allies: 'Offer us compensation elsewhere, and our scruples will disappear.' To suggest, to accept a trade of that sort would be to endanger such claims to territories elsewhere as we already possess, and not to confirm them. It would be an evil thing to do; and only those who have learned nothing from the war can imagine that an evil thing can be worth doing. We remain loyal to the principle proclaimed by President Wilson on February 11, 1918: 'Peoples and provinces must no longer be exchanged between governments like flocks of sheep or like pawns on a chessboard.' If we appeal to the law, it is because we sincerely desire the reign of law, in the East as in the West. It is, we believe, the only guaranty of peace.

And it is for this reason, precisely, that the case of Persia arouses our anxiety. The British Government is wonderfully well informed as to the wording and value of treaties. It entered the war because a treaty had been violated. By pursuing at Teheran the long negotiations which led up to the Anglo-Persian agreement — while a Persian delegation was waiting vainly at Paris for the Conference to vouchsafe it a hearing — did not the British Government see that there was an inexplicable inconsistency between the policy it was following in Persia and the engagements it was entering into here? It is upon a solemn obligation on the part of Great Britain — an obligation attached to the Covenant of the League of Nations — that the safety of France in the Europe of tomorrow partly depends. We cannot abide the thought that British promises are open to discussion, even when they are concerned with Asia.

Such are, in truth, the perplexities which the *Daily Mail* has divined as existing among us here. They cannot offend our British allies, and they are felt even by those Frenchmen who are least in the habit of turning their eyes to the East.

Le Temps

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THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA

BY 'AUSTER'

More than nine months have now passed since the fighting on the Western Front came to an end, and the Peace Conference has nearly concluded its work, but the position in Russia remains substantially unchanged. There have been fluctuations in the fighting, but no solution of Russia's many problems is as yet in sight. Eastern Europe still remains outside the influence of the Peace Conference and unaffected by the League of Nations. Is the Peace Conference to break up with the eastern half of Europe in a state of anarchy, and without any definite plan for bringing it under some form of control that would again open Russia to the civilized world?

The Allies have formed many plans for the redemption of Russia, but in acting upon them they have suffered from divided counsels. Decisions once taken have afterwards been modified to fit in with a public opinion that hardly knows its own mind, that is more ready to offer criticism than practical advice. If a similar policy had been followed in the conduct of the war against Germany we should be no nearer a settlement now with our former enemies than we are with the Bolsheviki. During the war with Germany we refused to let her agents sow dissension among us and commit sabotage against our united efforts, but the Bolsheviki have been able to conduct their campaign of lies and distortions of facts with ever-increasing success, and no Allied statesman has yet had the courage to state the case against them in all its bearings. Thus the campaign has already dragged on for many months so that our own people are growing weary of the Russian question and are evincing an ever stronger desire to clear out quickly and have done with it.

So long as Russia is considered as a side show where we *must* do something but *cannot* do much, there is little prospect of our meeting with any real success. Our statesmen may themselves recognize that a proper settlement of Russia is the key to a proper settlement of Europe, but this must also be impressed upon public opinion before it will be induced to follow their lead in a strong and consistent policy. The policy of the Allies to support those Russian armies in the field against the Bolsheviki was adopted after careful examination of every alternative plan and after several unsuccessful attempts to negotiate for a cessation of the civil war; and it is surely unthinkable that there should be any change in that policy merely because it has not been crowned with rapid success. Yet many people in this country are already showing signs of wavering and there are some who would prefer the settlement of Russia to be left to Germany.

It is well, therefore, that we should clearly face the present position in Russia. Kolchak has had a serious reverse in the field which cannot fail to weaken the prestige of his government behind the front. It would be idle to expect a turn of the tide which would put him in a position to renew his advance and threaten the Bolshevist

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armies in Russia. Set against this are the very striking successes of Denikin's armies in the south of Russia. Not only has practically the whole of the Black Sea littoral been recovered, but the volunteer army has occupied a large stretch of the Ukraine, including important towns like Poltava and Kremenchug, a thrust has been made in the north toward the centre of Russia, and a considerable portion of the Volga has been set free. There is no sign of any setback, and it is reasonable to hope that there may be a further advance before the summer is over. The volunteer army has been welcomed by the inhabitants in the liberated districts and recruits have flowed in so that there is no longer any lack of men for the army. British material help has been an important factor and our prestige stands very high in the south of Russia.

In the north and the northwest the position is less clearly defined. The British forces at Archangel are to be withdrawn before the winter, and the advance against Petrograd that promised so well last June has been checked. There is still no sign of a determined move against Petrograd, and yet the taking of Petrograd is the key to the whole position. If Petrograd were taken this autumn, Russia might be freed from the horrors of another winter under the Bolshevist régime. Not only would the effect on Moscow be instantaneous, but it would give enormous prestige and encouragement to the volunteer army in the south.

The failure of Kolchak, therefore, does not by any means make the position of the anti-Bolshevist forces hopeless. Provided we continue to support our friends during the next few months, we may yet see Bolshevism collapse before the winter as quickly as Bela Kun and his small group collapsed before the handful of Roumanian troops who occupied Budapest. Bolshevism is no more popular in Russia than it was in Hungary. Events in Hungary have shown that by themselves the anti-Bolshevist forces could not overthrow the tyranny imposed upon their country without outside assistance. Once this assistance was given, Bolshevism collapsed like a house of cards. In Russia the problem is not so easy, owing to the immense size of the country and the military difficulties to be overcome, but the fall of Bolshevism is in the end equally certain. Provided we maintain our faith in the cause we have espoused, we shall succeed, more quickly perhaps than we imagine, in solving the one great problem that still remains unsolved and bringing Russia into the fabric of that new Europe which the Peace Conference cannot build without her.

Our desire to see Europe speedily restored to peace should, indeed, be a sufficient inducement to put Russia on her feet again. But if this reason be not enough, there is another consideration we cannot ignore. Russia in her present state cannot stand alone in Eastern Europe. If her future is not of vital importance to Western Europe, it certainly is to Germany. We have imposed on Germany a peace which she has accepted on the ground that she is powerless to resist, but which she denounces as unjust. Germany does not want another war, as she is worn out and exhausted, but she is determined by some means or other to recover her position in Europe, from which the combination of her enemies has ousted her. In Western Europe she is powerless, and in her overseas trade she cannot hope to compete with Britain and America. In Russia, however, she suffers from no such disadvantage. The Bolsheviki whom she helped to power have successfully ousted all Allied subjects from Russia

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and the field is open to German enterprise. Germany cannot fail to realize the opportunity thus offered of controlling in Russia the greatest natural wealth of Europe.

We have already remarked that there is a tendency in some quarters to wash our hands of Russia and leave it to Germany to settle. If we were to do so what would be the result? It is difficult to say definitely what is the policy of the present German Government toward Bolshevist Russia. We know that the agents of the old Imperial Government are still at work both in Russia and Finland, and that whatever their ultimate intentions may be, they are at present aiding the Bolsheviki against all movements in those countries which are friendly to the Allies. Among the Bolshevist commissaries, two at least, Krassin, Commissary of Trade and Commerce, formerly a manager of Siemens, Schückert, and the notorious Fürstenberg-Ganetski, are merely paid agents of the German *Schwerindustrie*. Their immediate object is to assist in overthrowing the pro-Ally forces of Denikin and Kolchak so that the field may be cleared for further German action in Russia. When the first stage has been accomplished further plans will be developed. Bolshevism will then, no doubt, be forced to give way to some anti-Bolshevist movement financed and controlled by Germany. This would probably be a gradual process of peaceful penetration so as to attract as little as possible the attention of the Allies; but it would continue steadily until sufficient control had been obtained of the banks and the principal industries to make the final *coup d'état* a comparatively simple matter.

There is no desire in this country to exclude German commerce from its proper sphere in Russia. Germany is in many respects the most natural and convenient market for Russia, and it is necessary that in the future there should be close economic connections between the two countries. What we do wish to avoid, however, is the resumption of the political control that Germany was fastening upon Russia before the war, both through the banks and through other economic channels. If Germany is given a free hand by the Allies, and if the latter shirk their present responsibilities toward Russia, they may find that, exhausted by the war and by Bolshevism, Russia will become a mere colony of Germany, exploited by her, not for Russian, but for German, ends. And who could say whether under such conditions the old German dreams which we have fought this war to overthrow might not again revive? New combinations of powers might again arise, and what place would then be left for the League of Nations?

The New Europe

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THE BOUNDER: AN ESSAY ON A TYPE

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THIS expressive term is now in our dictionaries, and the new Webster defines a bounder as 'an apparently prosperous and inherently vulgar person of obtrusive manners.' But these words hardly cover all the ground; the bounder is not always apparently prosperous, nor need he be inherently vulgar. One meets many bounders with a taste in art, a just feeling for furniture, a love of music, an enthusiasm for humanity. A bounder may have a heart of gold; he may be generous, good-natured, sagacious. But he comes into the world with the bounder diathesis, and no culture, no training, can ever eliminate the trouble; a bounder is, in fact, born, not made. The boy bounder, though he goes to Eton and Oxford, must inevitably develop into the adult bounder; while that more fortunate youth who contains not the virus, even should he proceed from a charity school to the plough-tail, or begin his days in the workhouse, can never be a bounder.

It is a defect of temperament, and birth, or education, has nothing to do with it. Even success will not create bounderism if the germ be not latent. It owes nothing to heredity and nurture fails to modify it. Royal princes have been very great bounders — indeed, the blue-blooded bounder is an object within the experience of most people; a genius may also be a bounder, and often is; while eminent philosophers have also swelled the ranks. Indeed, the qualities of great mental distinction and the endowment of strong character often accompany the bounder and cause him to be loved, or feared, independently of the dreadful addition for which he can only be pitied.

The cleverest bounder never knows that he is one — seldom even suspects that he could be. Such a personal disaster is entirely concealed from its victim; and while it does not prevent success in the highest walks of life, it absolutely precludes hope of entry into some essential callings. A bishop, for example, may be a bounder, but a butler cannot be, and not even a bounder could suffer another bounder as valet.

Of the learned professions he is most often to be found in the law, least often in the navy; indeed the sea repels him, and he is seldom found pursuing the business of life upon deep waters.

Probably the chief defect of the bounder's outlook is a certain social insensibility. He is usually an egotist, and seeks to impose his personality and opinions upon others with complete disregard for their own. His lack of tact is so egregious that in rare cases he causes an actual physical irritation, akin to that produced by nameless insects; but tougher subjects find him entertaining, though they must possess a sound sense of humor to do so. Psychologically he is wholly unconscious of the wounds that he inflicts. He takes himself too seriously and other people not seriously enough. If he is cultured, his culture is the only brand to be considered; if he is not cultured, then all art and æsthetics are foolery.

The creative bounder is not uncommon; but he seldom concedes correctness of vision to others, and invariably fails to grant that different conceptions of beauty may lie on a plane as lofty as his own. Men are often bounders in compartments. Thus, one thinks of eminent writers whose views on literature and art are of the highest distinction, while their attitude to women reveals the hopeless cad. There is the bounder who kisses

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and tells, and the variety who tells but does not kiss.

The female bounder is, happily, rare, for a more fearful wild fowl shall hardly be found; but she is sparingly distributed: you may pass years without meeting an example of her. Like gout, bounderitis is a disturbance from which the male chiefly suffers.

Ethnographically the bounder is spread pretty evenly through civilization, but would seem far more a western than an eastern product. In Oriental countries he increases rapidly with the assimilation of Occidental ideas. Thus the Jew, who has longest been in touch with European culture, offers a larger proportion of these sufferers than India, China, or Japan; the last-named nation, however, appears to be catching up. Germany has always suffered most from this disability, for scratch a pre-war German of either sex and you found a bounder in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Nietzsche was first to proclaim the fact, and the rest of the world has proved it sufficiently. The war may do some good in this respect if Prussia's force in cultural affairs suffers adequate diminution.

Science can offer no antidote as yet to this affliction, and we are not sufficiently skilled in the mysteries of heredity to guard against it. A bounder often begets modest and unaffected offspring; while the most courteous and considerate man, the mildest-mannered woman, will, to their grief and amazement, produce the bounder amid normal brothers and sisters. Cases of twin bounders are very occasionally recorded.

Like the poor, we have him always with us; but his very qualities prevent him from becoming a lasting torture, because they are patent from afar. Unless by evil chance he be a member of our own family circle, none as a rule is easier to escape. His spirit diffuses an aura, and we become conscious of his misfortune at once. We can, therefore, evade him without difficulty if, as is generally the case, we feel that life is too short and precious a thing to spare any of it upon him. But should his other qualities render him a man worthy of acquaintance — perhaps even a privilege and honor to know — then only the hypersensitive will decide against him. It is a matter for individual judgment.

The good bounder may prove worth while, if he is good enough; but the bad bounder must be a disaster at all times: he outrages earth and smells to heaven. Such a man is unspeakably sinister and dangerous; for, unlike the others, he may show no outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual disgrace. He is a bounder in his soul and, once discovered, must be avoided at any cost.

To-day

IN PROTESTANT FRANCE

BY J. M. HONE

Among the nearer hills there is one at the valley's edge, a little higher than the others, and at its summit, above the olive terraces, a view extends from the Cévennes to the Mediterranean, and from the Mediterranean, northward, to the Alpilles, which rise out of the eastern plain of Provence. Beyond the further line of low hills runs the straight road from Nîmes to Montpellier, and beyond that road is the commencement of the marshes and lagoons that envelop Aigues-Mortes, the perfect mediæval city, scene of an early League of Nations, whence St. Louis led English, Venetians, and his own people to the most genuine of the Crusades.

This country may be called by many

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names. It is Old Provence, Languedoc, Roman France, Ligurian France. But its aspect as a centre of French Protestantism has also been noted. Something on his *Path to Rome* reminded Mr. Belloc of Nîmes:

> Heretics all wherever you be,
> In Nîmes or Tarbes or over the sea,
> You never shall have a good word from me.

The Gard, with the town of Nîmes, contains a quarter of the total number of French Protestants; Montpellier, in the neighboring department of the Hérault, has long been a stronghold of the same faith; and were not the Cévennes the scene of the longest and fiercest of the religious wars? This valley itself, with its Quaker village, holds some of the most curious traditions of the Huguenots.

Quakerism in France arose independently of all English or American connections. It had its origin here and in a few other villages on the foothills of the Cévennes, in a movement of 'conscientious objection': while most of the Protestants of the Midi were offering a resistance to the persecutions of Louis XIV, a few, as a consequence of their meditations on Christian conduct, denied the propriety of even defensive war, practised silent meditation, and in other respects behaved and thought like the disciples of Fox. Not until the Napoleonic era, and then only by accident, did the people of the village discover their affinities in distant England. An English Quaker who owned a frigate was forced by the government to loan his property for bellicose purposes. The frigate became a privateer and acquired spoil, a part of which was handed to the Quaker as interest on his boat. The Quaker said nothing, and took the spoil with apparent readiness; but as soon as the war had ended, being wishful to return to the French owners what was not rightly his, he advertised the whole matter in the *Gazette de France;* whereupon, the French villagers learned that there were others in the world like themselves, and visits were exchanged. Elizabeth Fry stopped at what is now the Post Office. Communications with Great Britain, and then with New England, maintained themselves for many years; and even to-day — although Quakers proper are no longer found in the Gard — the little village of 700 inhabitants is noted for its sectarianism, and contains at least three different places of Protestant worship.

Even in the Gard, Protestants — taking them together, both the practising and non-practising sort — are only a minority of the population. They are an important minority, however, and their condition and attitude often remind one of certain features of the 'Irish question' so-called. A large part of the wealth of prosperous Nîmes is in their hands, and when politics come under discussion, the tone which they adopt has an extremely familiar ring. 'Politics here are entirely a matter of religion'; it is precisely the phrase with which the Irish Protestant commonly sums up the problem of his country. The Protestant of Nîmes 'stands for' the civic virtues, and is proud to think that the Third Republic has found no more reliable supporter than himself. Undoubtedly the vigorous Protestant element tends to create a lively opposition, which expresses itself in somewhat erratic forms, as, for instance, in the transference at election times of the Catholic vote to candidates of the Extreme Left. Just because the Protestant is so strong a Republican, the Catholic of the bourgeois classes tends to embrace the opinions of an emphatic Conservatism; and no town of South-

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ern France is better supplied with the Royalist propaganda of M. Charles Maurras and M. Léon Daudet than is Nîmes. It has been said, indeed, that Monarchism presented itself in the first instance to these two writers as a solution of local Provençal problems.

As one goes toward the coast from Nîmes, whether southeast by 'illumined' Martignes, the birthplace of Maurras, or southwest by Aigues-Mortes, near the Gulf of Lyons, the Protestant population becomes smaller. The seaports of Languedoc are almost wholly Catholic. Yet where the ramparts of Aigues-Mortes rise among green lakes, the chief sight for the tourist is still the Tower of Constance, the scene of a famous Protestant martyrdom. In this tower the Protestant women, taken in childhood, endured a captivity of forty years. Martignes belongs decidedly to the classical and Catholic Provence of Anatole France's poem, 'A Charles Maurras':

Le long du rivage sacré,
Parmi les fleurs de sel qui s'ouvrent dans les sables,
Tu méditais d'ingénieuses fables,
Charles Maurras; les dieux indigènes, les dieux
Exilés et le Dieu qu'apporta Madeleine
T'aimaient: ils t'ont donné le roseau de Silène
Et l'orgue tant sacré des pins mélodieux,
Pour soutenir ta voix qui dit la beauté sainte,
L'Harmonie, et le chœur des Lois traçant l'enceinte
Des cités, et l'Amour et sa divine sœur,
La Mort, qui l'égale en douceur.

It is curious to remember, however, that Maurras, now so long a Parisian controversalist, the theorist of authority in religion and politics, was associated at one time with that group of the Felibrige, headed by Napoleon Péyrat, which claimed liberty for the southern provinces and put the free-thinking Troubadours of the thirteenth century at the head of the southern tradition. M. Mariéton, in *La Terre Provençale*, tells the story of the schism. Péyrat, a Protestant and the historian of the Albigensian heresy, argued that the Reformed Church of France was the sister of the Johannite Church of Aquitaine, an Oriental sister issued from Patmos and the Seven Churches of Asia. He attempted to establish a chain of pure traditions (the name of the Albigensians being καθαρός, pure), which passed through St. Francis, Dante, and the author of the first three books of the *Imitation of Christ* (who might be, he said, Bertrand de Born, the Troubadour!). 'For every renaissance,' he told the patriots of the Languedoc, 'supposes a death, a martyr who rises in his tomb. And that great and holy martyr is Aquitaine.'

The New Statesman

THE VANISHED TSARINA

BY MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

MANY times, in the course of the years before the war, I found myself with the Tsar Nicholas and his wife. With the Tsarina, although she was my own cousin, I established no kind of intimacy whatever, for her ways were strangely cold, while the affectionate regard the Tsar and I had for each other remained unchanged by time. The feeling that the royal pair had not come up to the expectations entertained of them was thus borne in upon me more by the talk of my family and by the voice of all classes in society than by my own personal observations. Every time I heard these rumors, I derived from them a profound chagrin.

Nicholas had in him more than one good and really noble impulse, a real urge toward greater ideas and modern

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conceptions, yet it seemed ever that some occult force thwarted his will.

For a long time we waited, hope remained in our hearts, then, little by little, murmurs began to reach the court; there was criticism of the court way of life. Under other reigns, the sovereigns had always played a larger part in the public fêtes. They had been the soul of public ceremonies; no fête, no popular manifestation was complete without them, the splendor which surrounded them seemed a social necessity, the rallying point for the great and the small.

Little by little the new sovereigns retired from public life. The health of the Tsarina was bad; jealously attached to her husband, she scarcely could endure his going anywhere without her, and this tended to withdraw the Emperor himself from ceremonies in which his wife could not take part. She bore four daughters before having the joy of giving the Empire an heir to the throne. This series of deceptions, acting upon her intense and morbid ambition, lessened her little faith in life, and when the much desired son was born at length, he was of delicate health; a secret and curious weakness menaced the security of his existence. This was too much for a woman naturally given to melancholy, and always on the defensive against the world and those who followed the ways of the world.

Without a doubt, the Tsarina is largely responsible for her husband's conduct; she discouraged him instead of encouraging him; she used her influence to block rather than to hasten plans which should have been carried through; instead of inspiring him, she filled him with her own distrust. But in all justice, let us remember that her intentions were good and can in no way be indicted as guilty; she believed firmly that she was in the right, never doubted of the excellence of her judgment, ever sure that all she did was done in the best interests of her husband, his country, and his people. He was the feebler of the two, her will was the stronger, thus she led him unhesitatingly toward what she imagined to be a light; a light, alas, which turned out to be but a shadow.

The Tsarina is one of those personalities which from time to time have appeared in history. Their power is inexplicable; we are forever asking ourselves whence comes their force. Perhaps Alexandra really loved her husband, she certainly adored her son, but her attitude to the world was perpetually distrustful, strangely empty of tenderness, and, in a way, hostile. Placed above everything, dominating her husband, she held in her hands a terrible power; had tenderness dwelt in her heart, she might have accomplished miracles, but inspired with her universal distrust, she held both great and small at a distance, as if they intended to steal something which was hers. Placed by fortune on a pinnacle of power infinitely above all others, she imagined that she had been thus placed only in order to show others their errors, and finally, when she perceived that her ways had not won hearts to her, she became bitter because of her disappointment.

She belonged to that category of women who consider themselves eternally misunderstood, and isolate themselves in the certainty that common folk are unable to share their mind or arrive at their ideal. An unhappy attitude this, and one sure to bring misfortune; the misunderstood woman never adapts herself to circumstances; she prefers to dwell apart, locked in her grief as if within a sacred privilege.

The Tsarina was one of these beings, and with the passing of the years, her

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morbid character being so accentuated there were some who doubted of her reason. Those who saw her intimately bore witness to the fact that on a majority of subjects she reasoned with an entire lucidity of intelligence, but the unshakable faith she had in her mission of bringing light to others caused her to pay no heed whatsoever to any advice; she pledged her faith to her own erroneous judgment, and thus became the prey of those impostors who spy upon souls walled within solitude and obscurity.

What force it was which gave her such a hold upon her husband has never been explained. Did he really love her? Was it simply his feebler will bowing before the will of the Empress? Did she hold him through the mystical side of his nature? No one has ever known. One thing, however, is certain; her influence was dominant in act, and instead of diminishing with use, it became stronger and deadlier, until the unfortunate monarch, who was by instinct and personality attracted toward the light, fell into darkness so black that he was never again able to escape toward the light.

Poor distraught soul, she did not suspect that she had discovered the darkness; such is the secret tragedy of hearts which no longer have faith in mankind or in life, and who know not how to love. She knew not how to love; therein lay, in my opinion, the cause of her defeat.

And that defeat was destined to bring in its train the downfall of her husband, whom, nevertheless, she expected to save, the death of the son whom she adored, and the crumbling of the vast Empire which she desired to hold intact for that son, and which she hoped to retain for him impregnable and unimpaired. For Alexandra dreamed of the succession of her heir to an absolutely undiminished autocratic sway over the greatest Empire in Europe, and she strove to maintain it for him in all its fullness.

La Revue des Deux Mondes

GOOD OLD DUMAS

BY OSCAR BROWNING

DUMAS, the author of *Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers*, is known to all the civilized world. Into how many languages has *The Count of Monte Cristo* been translated? Many believe that the lovely island which bounds with its serrated peaks the expanse of the Tyrrhene Sea has derived its name from the book, and that the King and Queen of Italy go to shoot mouflons in the corries of a romance. That Dumas is the prince of modern novelists; that he is greater than Walter Scott, a rival to Balzac; that he has fancy, wit, a caressing style, and a penetrating insight into the most complicated and subtle folds of human character, is known to few, because they have not read the works in which these qualities are revealed. We may doubt whether he was conscious himself of where his strength lay. He began as a writer of plays. The success of *Henri III* gave him more pleasure than any succeeding triumph; the persecutions which beset *Anthony* were as savory as laudation would have been. He won his position as a novelist almost by accident, following the imperious bent of a genius which for a long time concealed not only its origin, but its course.

Dumas has suffered from being a master of Historical Romance. He is supposed to have kept a workshop like the *bottega* of Perugino or the *Seminar* of a German Professor. A number of assistants would write portions of history from given books,

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strictly according to order; then the Master came, gave the touch of genius, and the work took its place among the immortals. What we know of Dumas's methods of composition does not support this idea. He would miss his train at a French village, call for paper, pen, and ink, and, as with Byron at Ouchy, before daybreak the novel was half finished or the play entirely written. Ghosts are common enough in all art. In the Entrance Book of the Record Office the name of Carlyle stands next to that of his German spectre. Carlyle once spent half an hour there, no more, because it made his head ache. The Ghost produced pages of erudition which his employer used and then abused. The old French hack said to Gautier: 'Est-ce que j'ai fait du bon Théo ce matin?' without a blush on the cheek of either. To many German histories the pupils supply the erudition, the professor the pedantry. When shall we deteutonize that science and learn to follow French guides?

Since the beginning of this year the present writer has spent his leisure hours in reading the volumes of Dumas which he did not know before. His lending library contains over a hundred works of that author, and of these he has read about seventy or eighty, each with increasing pleasure. Calmann-Lévy's catalogue exhibits over two hundred and fifty volumes of Dumas Père, including twenty-five of plays, but most of them are out of print. *La Tulipe Noire* is well known to English readers, but it is by no means the best. The history is dragged in, and the psychology is weak. Do Englishmen know *Amaury*, an excellent novel founded on medical research, to which for a time Dumas was devoted? Do they know *Georges*, a masterpiece, in which Dumas's mulatto father supplies the hero and Mauritius the scenery? Have they read *Le Trou d'Enfer*, a German story like *Anne of Geierstein*, which shows that our author could be as much at home in a *Vehmgericht* as on a boulevard? *Catharine Blum* is a charming tale for young misses, while *Le Père la Ruine* is a terrible tragedy, full of tenderness and poetry, incidentally throwing a lurid light on the sufferings caused by the restoration of the Bourbons. Then there are the Animal Stories, *Mes Bêtes* and the like, which show that the tender-hearted master knew all about the psychology of dogs and monkeys, and especially of cats, and in this respect is a rival of Rudyard Kipling.

His historical novels are among the few which an historian can read with pleasure. He is more accurate in detail than Scott, but like him is unrivaled in reproducing the atmosphere of the age. His Froissart and De Comines novels are skipworthy, but when he comes to Catharine de Medici and Henri Quatre he is a magician. His analysis of the mentality of that much misunderstood sovereign, Charles IX, has never been equaled. The French Revolution series is too long, and probably owes much to Ghosts; many pages may be turned over rapidly. Italian translations of these abound in Roman street barrows; who that knows French can endure an Italian translation? The *carillon* of Dumas is inimitable. His writings are distinguished by their manliness, their purity, and elevation of tone. There is not a particle of lubricity, even when the subject makes it almost impossible to avoid it. He says himself that out of a hundred works there are only two which a mother might hesitate to place in her daughter's hands. I do not know which they are; I have never come across them. The French would have a better literature if they had followed the father rather than the son,

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We plead, therefore, for a stronger interest in Dumas Père, and for an effort to place him on the pedestal on which he deserves to stand. His was a noble nature. He was never jealous of his contemporaries, and valued his son far more than himself. Messrs. Methuen began some time ago a translation of Dumas's novels, but it is hopeless to translate the untranslatable. Perhaps Messrs. Nelson will publish the whole of Dumas's works in shilling volumes. In that way an old man may look forward to possessing a set of books which will secure him against ever having a gloomy hour, and protect him against the insidious inroads of a full old age.

The Athenæum

ON RIVERS

BY A. V. COOKMAN

In every view of retirement I have a river. Other likable things hover in my mind between indistinctness and nothingness, none of them mattering more than another. In the last establishment I shall keep there will probably be more dogs than horses, and I have no great hopes that the lawn will be either smooth enough or broad enough to take a tennis net with dignity. Yet I never doubt that a river will flow somewhere within hearing. There is a certain magnificence in the meanest cottage that happens to stand by a stream. No man need fear to play the host while he can take his guests casually down his garden to the river. The mirrored image of trees, the foam and thunder of weirs, or the mannerishness of the slightest beck will confer a finer distinction upon him than a square hall and amazing statuary. Whatever of glory there is in mere possession may be had by the side of a river, and in all water there seems something evocative of a curious pride, as of people who live by the sea and in summer hint darkly of its winter storms, and strive in winter to impress you with the peculiar glory of a summer sea, as if you could never quite understand. Only a few men, I think, have in their vision of the later years of life no place for running water. They can content themselves away from streams, noting perhaps with keener pleasure the occasional cry of a bird, the stubborn creaking of a massive tree constrained by the wind, or a shout from the field where the young men will be still playing cricket. Such reminding things will keep in check for them their tragic fears of age, though giving me but faint assurance against a creeping sense of saplessness. I must establish myself by a river, not to watch it constantly or over-consciously as if I were a monomaniac, but whenever I feel tired of the things I then happen to be doing.

I have never yet managed to settle in which part of the world I shall find the river I most desire to possess for myself. I am certain that it will be none of those wide, glaring water courses which deface plains like the plains of Lombardy and exist merely to conduct away the great rushes of water that come periodically from the mountains. Yet from the little streams which rive themselves along these hard water courses I would take a color — a certain rusty green, a marvelous peacock green — for my own river. It needs but a brief consideration to show that it would be very easy to choose the wrong place and die out with the miserable feeling that one had never known what one wanted. Traffic, in the first place, is an intolerable thought. I should establish no intimacy with a river which bore along its surface so much as a barge. After the passage of a barge it would be mine no longer. I

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would not tolerate even a backwater for fear of the inevitable canoe. Any backwater would give its secrets to a canoe. So I must perforce set aside all the great navigable rivers, and the Isis and the Dee. Any river which bears traffic, any river which is tidal and inconstant, any river on which boats may race or other people driftingly travesty my own youth, will have no ultimate charm for me.

The river to which in the end I shall come will not be deep and secretive, nor slow and passionless, and it will not be a thing of ample, extravagant sweeps and never-doubting grandeur like the Thames at Richmond. It will be narrow and shallow, but dancing and tumultuous, much like the thoughts of my youth, still hurrying by below me, a wisp of white surging round boulders with all the gayety and dash of youth, but with nothing of the fierce impatience which human youth shows to the aged boulders in its way. I hope that my garden will rise steeply above it. From my window I should see it a little beck of white, riving suddenly from nowhere past my garden edge. Lying down there always, yet always having movement, it should give a perpetual freshness to any random fancy that may have survived my retirement. In some moods of elderly make-believe it may please me mightily to see it as a scarf of many bright colors that a woman has dropped on the grass before she went away and which I mean to leave lying there always. Old age must be very disappointing if it have no gray romance and all scarves be merely neckwear.

Yet I have no need to build even such extravagant hopes about the stream I have in mind. My little river need express nothing in the least fantastic so long as it can assist me out of the depression of rainy days. When the rain comes down straight and clean and the beck goes purling and splashing round the boulders I shall forget to look at the thickening roads and not try to pierce the mist across the fields. I shall not be reminded of the city, where rain is a black fluid and where umbrellas are carried, and where others will be writing at my desk and speaking their orders into my telephone. My river will be always there, clear under the rain, noisy in the darkness. It will always lie between me and my youth, and between me and the future, something more permanent, more instinct with life, more comforting to myself when old than anything else in nature.

The Manchester Guardian

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S DRAMAS *

In the world of letters, the most welcome sign of the return of peace is the resumption of the English translation of Hauptmann's dramas. Here we have something from Germany which cannot be overlooked or depreciated Hauptmann is a great figure in modern literature — the greatest of all, we are inclined to think, in drama; and to avert our eyes from him because of his nationality, or even because his personal utterances in the earliest stage of the war belied the expression which his mind and outlook had found in creative literature, would serve no good purpose. We congratulate Dr. Lewisohn, then, on taking up his task again at the earliest opportunity, and we congratulate him also on the maintenance of the very high level of ability shown in these versions of an author whose works often present extraordinary difficulties to the translator. Nothing

* *The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann.* Volumes V, VI, and VII. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Martin Secker, 7*s.* 6*d.* net each.

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more difficult could well be imagined than the commemoration Masque, played in Breslau in 1913 until the Crown Prince put his foot on it. To reproduce these rattling rhymes, this amazing medley of slang poetry, thought, and satire, and to carry on the movement of the piece with unflagging *verve*, must have been as hard a task as that of translating Rabelais. Professor Bayard Quincy Morgan has succeeded as well as Urquhart one cannot say more than that. The remaining translations in the volume now before us are all by the editor except one, *And Pippa Dances*, which is done by Professor Sarah T. Burrows. All of them whether in verse or in prose, are masterly renderings, and give us a faithful transcript of the art and mind of Hauptmann.

As to the value of these works opinion has differed widely, not only in England but in Germany. Perhaps one should say sentiment rather than opinion, for there can be no two opinions as to Hauptmann's creative power and his capacity to rivet the attention of the reader. But he can do this without winning our liking or our assent to his outlook on the world, and this he has not always won. Hauptmann began his singular career as a realist of the grossest type — gross enough to cause a riot in the Lessing Theatre, when *Vor Sonnenaufgang* was first performed there in 1889. Mankind was here painted in a spirit of the deepest pessimism. Man was the victim of blind, mechanical forces which long before our birth have determined the fate and character of each of us; vice is an hereditary disease which nothing can cure. There are no heroes or heroines, only victims — just as there are no villains, for they too are but victims of a more dreadful fate. One might ask what art and poetry have to do in such a world, were it not that Hauptmann's work betrays something which such a world could never have produced. His realism was not a cold, intellectual mirroring of vice and misery — it was penetrated with sympathy and tenderness; and the horrors in his early plays represent the extremity of his resolve to allow no sympathy to warp his vision of things as they are.

Then new horizons began to reveal themselves. In the mystical plays *Hannele* and *The Sunken Bell* Hauptmann is evidently becoming conscious that forces are at work in the world which are not wholly accounted for by chance or mechanical causation. With this knowledge won, he turns again to the material furnished by the visible, everyday life of man; but we now see that below this commonplace or forbidding surface there are unfathomable deeps and out of these deeps rise now and again divine, redeeming figures like Ottegebe in *Der arme Heinrich*, or Griselda, the wonderful impersonation of fruitful, benignant womanhood in the play of that name. Hauptmann, therefore, has not stood still, nor can he be judged except by a survey of his whole work. Much of this may be still in the future; but there is enough before us to excite great interest in the poet's development, apart from the particular merits of the individual plays.

The plays contained in the three volumes before us are of very varied interest. *The Maidens of the Mount* is a romantic comedy in which a gallant adventurer wins his lady-love from an egotistic pedant. *Schluck und Jau* is a curious development of the hint given in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. The temporary transformation of a village drunkard into a prince is made the theme of a whole play, ending with the suggestion that the 'real' world is no less a dream than

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that from which Jau awakens at the close. *Elga* is a tragedy of love betrayed by a light woman, and of ruthless vengeance. In *Gabriel Schilling's Flight* we have the tragedy of an artist nature, associated in this case with a long and obscure illness which has sapped the will, taking refuge in suicide from the conflicting claims of two women neither of whom the victim can resist. In spite of the poetry and power with which the theme is worked out, we must admit that the pathological element is here too clear and strong to allow a genuine tragic interest to arise. *Charlemagne's Hostage* is a wild story of a Saxon girl, a hostage at the court of Kaiser Karl, who is both fascinated by her beauty and grace and revolted by the demoniac strain of sensuality which is discovered in her; ultimately the Chancellor has to poison her in order to release the Kaiser from a spell which threatens the safety of his realm. *And Pippa Dances* is an obscure play representing, we may conjecture, the thirst for ideal beauty as it affects different natures. The action, in its setting of wild mountain scenery, has the effect of a wreath of Brocken mist shot with sunshine and quickly dissolving amid the gloom of the pines; and it may be impossible, as Dr. Lewisohn admits, to fix a definite meaning for every detail of its fantastic symbolism. The latest of the works as yet translated (it appeared in 1914) is a very striking and interesting drama on the return of Odysseus and his vengeance on the suitors. The theme is conceived with a Northern grimness and irony very far removed from Homer, yet in some of its features the play takes us into a still more remote and savage antiquity. 'The gods,' as Dr. Lewisohn observes, 'are no classicized phantoms: their power is a tremor in the air. The thunder is the very voice of Zeus, Pan plays his pipes on the shaggy hills, over the windless sea hovers the malignity of Poseidon. The verse begins haltingly, almost harshly. It rarely becomes sweet. But it gathers power and sweep and a poignant, primitive passion. Penelope, though she does not appear in the play, dominates the whole action with her enigmatic personality, and the concluding lines, the last of which is surely one of the harshest in sound ever achieved in German or any other language, leave us with a very dubious glance in her direction:

Was wird die Mutter sagen, Telemach,
Dass ich ihr schönstes Spielzeug schon zerschlug?

The Bow of Odysseus might almost be read as a satire on wifehood, as represented by Penelope, were it not for the beautiful figure of Leucone, granddaughter of the faithful swineherd and the destined bride of Telemachus, in whom we see an embodiment of Pallas Athene in her most gracious aspect.

Griselda, a rehandling of another world-wide theme, seems to us on the whole the finest play in the volumes before us, and perhaps the best single work for the study of all that is typical in Hauptmann's art. The hero, Markgraf Ulrich, has in him that strain of abnormality so frequent in the characters of Hauptmann, who has never quite ceased to regard life with the eyes of a pathologist. 'I would truly believe,' says Ulrich's aunt, the Countess Eberhard, 'that a peasant woman had given birth to him in a stable if he were not uninterruptedly and terribly beset by the moods of a tyrant' Griselda is a magnificent peasant girl, whom he sees in her farmstead, loves, overpowers, and ultimately weds, to the scandal of his Court. But his love rises to the intensity of a mania. His wife's parents, the very animals she

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fondles, above all the child she bears him, are in his eyes objects of horror and dread, for they seem to rob him of some precious part in her. He has the infant, the 'accursed brat,' spirited away the moment it is born, and when she entreats him for it his rage drives him away from her. 'You robbed a mother of her child,' says his uncle, 'and then at a harmless word of hers, you abandoned her.'

Ulrich: A harmless word? How? What is a wild mother-animal to me? Do you know what I have endured for weeks? In quivering fear for her life I have driven myself and my glow and mad passion, so ridiculously rewarded, like a dog with blows and kicks back to kennel. I have controlled myself with superhuman power only to see this idol, this goddess, this golden torment, again issue forth from her chamber whole and unharmed in freshness and strength. She came — oh, I dare not think of it.

Griselda returns to her home and her farm work, but at Ulrich's command appears again at the castle, only in the guise of a working woman, scrubbing the stairs. At last he is cured of his mad jealousy by the healing influence of his wife's divine personality, the child is restored to her, and the trio are united in a love which is at once fervent and sane. The play is full of splendid imagery and of picturesque and striking scenes, as when Griselda on her wedding day shows the fine ladies of the Court how a meadow is mowed, or when the physician summoned to attend the Markgrafin in her confinement dominates Ulrich in his wildest passion with the calm authority of science. Nothing has been written for the stage in our day in which the pulse of life seems to throb more fiercely; and the noble and harmonious close reconciles us to the riot of unbridled passion that sweeps through earlier scenes. Hauptmann has never been adequately represented on the English stage. When the time comes that an audience can be expected for German plays — already there seems no difficulty about German music — it may be hoped that the attention of managers who are concerned with serious drama will be directed to *Griselda*.

The Times

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IF I WERE FOUR-AND-TWENTY

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

I

When I was asked to become a director of the *Irish Statesman* I agreed, because for many years I have been hoping for some Irish review, able and willing to submit our life and thought to a constant, precise, unexaggerated, passionate criticism. No organ of the popular party could do that; it would have too many people to please; but the *Irish Statesman* has done it from the first; and now I have begun to examine my own hope, to see if we can construct as well as criticize. I dislike responsibility so much that I shall have little to say to board meetings, and, besides, my thoughts are wild. I shall be content to ask myself what I would do if I were four-and-twenty, and not four-and-fifty, indolent and discouraged, with but one settled habit — that of writing verse.

I would set out once again to found a little school of Irish thought, but this time I would not confine myself to literature and to drama. One day when I was twenty-three or twenty-four this sentence seemed to form in my head, without my willing it, much as sentences form when we are half asleep: 'Hammer your thoughts into unity.' For days I could think of nothing else, and for years I tested all I did by that sentence. I had three interests: interest in a form of literature, in a form of philosophy, and a belief in nationality. None of these seemed to have anything to do with the other, but gradually my love of literature and my belief in nationality came together. Then for years I said to myself that these two had nothing to do with my form of philosophy, but that I had only to be sincere and to keep from constraining one by the other and they would become one interest. Now all three are, I think, one, or rather all three are a discrete expression of a single conviction. I think that each has behind it my whole character and has gained thereby a certain newness — for is not every man's character peculiar to himself? — and that I have become a cultivated man. Certainly a cultivated man is not a man who can read difficult books or pass well at the Intermediate, but a man who brings to general converse, and business, character that informs varied intellect.

It is just the same with a nation — it is only a cultivated nation when it has related its main interests one to another. We are a religious nation. The priest of the ancient chapel of St. Michel, on Mont St. Michel, where Montaigne's old woman offered a candle to the Dragon and a candle to the Saint, said to a certain friend of mine, 'What faith you Irish have!' on finding her early in the morning praying for the governing body of the National University. Yet is there any nation that has a more irreligious intellect, or that keeps its political thought so distinct from its religious thought? It is, indeed, this distinction that makes our priests and our politicians distrust one another.

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II

I spent two summers of the war on the coast of Normandy, and a friend read out to me *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*, by Péguy, and certain poems of Jammes. Claudel I had already read myself. A school of literature, which owed something perhaps to Hauptmann's exposition of the symbolism of Chartres Cathedral, had begun to make Christianity French, and in Péguy's heroic patriotism had prepared young France for the struggle with Germany. These writers are full of history and of the scenery of France. The Eucharist in a continually repeated symbol makes them remember the wheat fields and the vineyards of France; and, when Joan of Arc is told that the Apostles fled from Christ before the crucifixion, she, to that moment the docile shepherd girl, cries: 'the men of France would not have betrayed Him, the men of Lorraine would not have betrayed Him.' It is in vain that the nun Gervaise tells her that these were the greatest of all saints and apostles, and that her words are wicked: she repeats, with half-sullen obstinacy, 'the men of France would not have betrayed Him, the men of Lorraine would not have betrayed Him.' Péguy — a peasant born of peasants — can, for hundreds of pages, speak as the thirteenth century spoke, and use no thought that is of our time, yet it was amid Socialist and Dreyfusard controversy that he discovered his belief, and it was so much a passion, so little an opinion, that somebody told me in Paris that he was always reminding himself to go to church and get married, or to go to church and get a child baptized, and always forgetting it.

Now, if I were four-and-twenty, I think I would write or persuade others to write such accounts, as our young writers might read, of these men in whom an intellectual patriotism is not distinct from religion; and I would raise such a lively agitation that the Abbey or the Drama League would find an audience for Claudel's *L'annonce fait à Marie* or his *L'Otage*. I do not think Claudel as pure a talent as Péguy, and do not like him with my whole heart, for he is prepense, deliberate — I am sure he never forgot his religious duties — oratorical, discursive, loving resounding words, vast sentiments, situations half melodrama and half religious ritual. He impresses me a little against my will, but then his intellect is powerful and it searches deep. Perhaps we would learn more at this moment of our history from Claudel than from Péguy. I would also, I think, read a paper to some little circle of poets on Jammes, and I would tell them that when he introduces a volume of little lyrics with a preface, repudiating beforehand any heretical conclusions that may be deduced from it, and submits all to the Pope, he is certainly poking fun. I think, indeed, that the school — in its fine moments — has been compelled to speak all that it shares with religion and patriotism by a purely literary development. There has been a development in various forms of literature — in French '*unanisme*' for instance — toward the expression through an intellectual difference, of an emotional agreement with some historical or local group or crowd: toward the celebration, for instance, not of one's self but of one's neighbors, of the countryside or the street where one lives. Many have grown weary of the individualism of the nineteenth century, which now seems less able in creation than in criticism. Intellectual agreements, propagandas, dogmas, we have always had, but emotional agreements, which are so much more lasting and put no

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constraint upon the soul, we have long lacked.

But if I were four-and-twenty, and without rheumatism, I should not, I think, be content with getting up performances of French plays and with reading papers. I think I would go — though certainly I am no Catholic and never shall be one — upon both of our great pilgrimages, to Croagh Patrick and to Lough Derg. Our churches have been unroofed or stripped; the stained glass of St. Canice, once famous throughout Europe, was destroyed three centuries ago, and Christ Church looks as clean and unhistorical as a Methodist chapel, its sculptured tombs and tablets broken up or heaped one on t'other in the crypt; no congregation has climbed to the Rock of Cashel since the stout Church of Ireland bishop took the lead roof from the Gothic church to save his legs: but Europe has nothing older than our pilgrimages. In many little lyrics I would claim that stony mountain for all Christian and pagan faith in Ireland, believing, in the exultation of my youth, that in three generations I should have made it as vivid in the memory of all imaginative men among us, as the sacred mountain of Japan is in that of the collectors of prints; and I would, being but four-and-twenty and a lover of lost causes, memorialize the bishops to open once again that Lough Derg cave of vision once beset by an evil spirit in the form of a long-legged bird with no feathers on its wings.

A few years ago Bernard Shaw explained, what he called 'the vulgarity and the savagery' of his writing, by saying that he had sat once upon a time every Sunday morning in an Irish Protestant church. But mountain and lough have not grown raw and common; pillage and ravage could not abate their beauty; and the impulse that gathers these great companies in every year has outlasted armorial stone.

Then, too, I would associate that doctrine of purgatory, which Christianity has shared with neoplatonism, with the countryman's belief in the nearness of his dead 'working out their penance' in rath or at garden end: and I would find in the psychical research of our day detail to make the association convincing to intellect and emotion. I would try to create a type of man whose most moving religious experience, though it came to him in some distant country, and though his intellect were wholly personal, would bring with it imagery to connect it with an Irish multitude now and in past time.

III

We need also a logical unity. When I was a boy William Morris came to Dublin to preach us into Socialism. After an appeal from the chairman, on the ground of national hospitality, an unwilling audience heard him out, and after gave itself to mockery, till somebody quenched the light. Now our young men sing 'The Red Flag,' for any bloody catastrophe seems welcome that promises an Irish Republic. They condemned Morris's doctrine without examination. Now for the most part they applaud it without examination; but that will change, for the execution of Connolly has given him many readers. I have already noticed Karl Marx's *Kapital* in the same window with Mitchel's *Jail Journal* and with *Speeches from the Dock;* and, being an indolent man of four-and-fifty, with no settled habit but the writing of verse, I did not remind the bookseller that he was a regular churchgoer and suggest that he display also Soloviev's *Justification of the Good*, *Distributive Justice*, and

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some of those little works edited by Father Plater of Oxford.

I admit that it is a spirited action to applaud the economics of Lenine — in which I notice much that I applauded as a boy when Morris was the speaker — when we do it to affront our national enemy; but it does not help one to express the character of the nation through varied intellect. No man is less like an Englishman because he takes his opinion from the *Daily Herald* instead of the *Morning Post;* and it is likely that we shall take our opinion from one or the other till we have swung the hammer. 'Hammer your thoughts into unity'— but for my disabilities I think I would, in exposition of that sentence, persuade some of the Sinn Fein branches, which find it hard to fill up their evenings, to study the writers I have named and perhaps, if some local library would collect enough translations, I might set some exceptional young man, some writer perhaps of Abbey plays, to what once changed all my thought: the reading of the whole *Comédie Humaine.*

IV

When I was a child I heard the names of men whose lives had been changed by Balzac, perhaps because he cleared them of utopian vapors, then very prevalent; and I can remember someone saying to an old lion painter: 'If you had to choose, would you give up Shakespeare or Balzac?' and his answering, 'I would keep the yellow backs.' Balzac is the only modern mind which has made a synthesis comparable to that of Dante, and, though certain of his books are on the Index, his whole purpose was to expound the doctrine of his Church as it is displayed, not in decrees and manuals, but in the institutions of Christendom. Yet Nietzsche might have taken, and perhaps did take, his conception of the superman in history from his *Catherine de Medici,* and he has explained and proved, even more thoroughly than Darwin, the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, though as a creator of social, not of biological, species. Only, I think, when one has mastered his whole vast scheme, can one understand clearly that his social order is the creation of two struggles, that of family with family, that of individual with individual, and that our politics depend upon which of the two struggles has most affected our imagination. If it has been most affected by the individual struggle, we insist upon equality of opportunity, 'the career open to talent,' and consider rank and wealth fortuitous and unjust; and if it is most affected by the struggles of families, we insist upon all that preserves what that struggle has earned, upon social privilege, upon the rights of property.

Throughout the *Comédie Humaine* one finds — and in this Balzac was perhaps conscious of contradicting the cloudy utopian genius of Hugo — that the more noble and stable qualities, those that are spread through the personality, and not isolated in a faculty, are the results of victory in the family struggle, while those qualities of logic and of will, al those qualities of toil rather than of power, belong most to the individual struggle. For a long time after closing the last novel one finds it hard to admire deeply any individual strength that has not family strength behind it. He has shown us so many men of talent, to whom we have denied our sympathy because of their lack of breeding, and has refused to show us even Napoleon apart from his Corsican stock, its strong roots running backward to the Middle Ages.

For a while, at any rate, we must believe — and it is the doctrine of his

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Church — that we discover what is most lasting in ourselves in laboring for old men, for children, for the unborn, for those whom we have not even chosen. His beautiful ladies and their lovers, his old statesmen, and some occasional artist to whom he has given his heart, children of a double strength, all those who seek the perfection of some quality, love or unpersuadable justice, often have seemed to me like those great blossoming plants that rise through the gloom of some Cingalese forest to open their blossoms above the tops of the trees. He, too, so does he love all bitter things, cannot leave undescribed that gloom, that struggle, which has made them their own legislators, from the founder or renovator of their house, from some obscure toiler or notorious speculator, and often as not the beginning of it all has been some stroke of lawless rapacity. Perhaps he considers that the will is by its very nature an antagonist of the social order; if we can say 'he considers' of one in whom creation itself wrote and thought. I forget who has written of him: 'If I meet him at midday he is a very ignorant man, but at midnight, when he sits beside a cup of black coffee, he knows everything in the world.'

Here and there one meets among his two thousand characters certain men, who do not interest him, and whom he is perhaps too impatient to understand, the *Fourieristes* and insurrectionists who would abate or abolish the struggle. I remember some artist of his who has made an absurd allegorical statue of regenerate mankind and who expects to be the most famous sculptor in the world, after the revolution; a figure of diluted emotion and a chiropodist noted for skill and delicacy of touch, who while cutting the corns of some famous man speaks of the coming abolition of all privilege — 'genius too is a privilege we shall abolish.'

In the world that Balzac has created it is the intensity of the struggle — an intensity beyond that of real life — which makes his common soldiers, his valets, his commercial travelers, all men of genius: and I doubt if law had for him any purpose but that of preserving the wine when the grapes had been trodden, and seeing to it that the treaders know their treads. 'The passionate minded,' runs an Indian saying, 'love bitter food.'

V

When I close my eyes and pronounce the word 'Christianity' and await its unconscious suggestion, I do not see Christ crucified, or the good Shepherd from the catacombs, but a father and mother and their children, a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, most often. While Europe had still Christianity for its chief pre-occupation men painted little but that scene. Yet what Christian economists said of the family seemed to me conventional and sentimental till I had met with Balzac. Now I understand them. Soloviev writes that every industrious man has a right to certain necessities and decencies of life; and I think he would not object to Aristotle's proposed limitation of fortunes, however much he might object to us, who are jealous and still lack philosophy, fixing the limit. But that the community should do more for a man than secure him these necessities and decencies he denounces for devil's work. The desire of the father to see his child better off than himself, socially, financially, morally, according to his nature, is, he claims, the main cause of all social progress, of all improvements in civilization. Yet all the while his attention is too much fixed upon the direct conscious effects — he sees the world as child,

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father grandfather, and all virtues as derivable from our veneration for the past we inherit from, or our compassion for the future that inherits from us — and not enough upon its indirect unconscious effects, upon the creation of social species each bound together by its emotional quality.

Yesterday I came upon a little wayside well planted about with roses, a sight I had not seen before in Ireland, and it brought to mind all that planting of flowers, all that cleanness and neatness that the countryman's ownership of his farm has brought with it in Ireland; and also the curious doctrine of Soloviev, that no family has the full condition of perfection that cannot share in what he calls 'the spiritualization of the soil'—a doctrine derivable, perhaps, from the truth that all emotional unities find their definition through the image, unlike those of the intellect, which are defined in the logical process. However, Soloviev is a dry, ascetic half-man, and may see nothing beyond a round of the more obvious virtues approved by his Greek Church. I understand by 'soil' all the matter in which the soul works, the walls of our houses, the serving up of our meals, and the chairs and tables of our rooms, and the instincts of our bodies; and by 'family' all institutions, classes, orders, nations that arise out of the family and are held together, not by a logical process, but by historical association, and possess a personality for whose lack men are 'sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sun.'

Men, who did not share their privileges, have died for and lived for all these, and judged them little. Certainly, no simple age has denied to monk or nun their leisure, nor thought that the monk's lamp and the nun's prayer, though from the first came truth and from the second denial of self, were not recompense enough, nor has any accomplished age begrudged the expensive leisure of women, knowing that they gave back more than they received in giving courtesy.

VI

If as these writers affirm, the family is the unit of social life, and the origin of civilization which but exists to preserve it, and almost the sole cause of progress, it seems more natural than it did before that its ecstatic moment, the sexual choice of man and woman, should be the greater part of all poetry. A single wrong choice may destroy a family, dissipating its tradition or its biological force, and the great sculptors, painters, and poets are there that instinct may find its lamp. When a young man imagines the woman of his hope, shaped for all the uses of life, mother and mistress and yet fitted to carry a bow in the wilderness, how little of it all is mere instinct, how much has come from chisel and brush. Educationists and statesmen, servants of the logical process, do their worst, but they are not the matchmakers who bring together the fathers and mothers of the generations, nor shall the type they plan survive.

VII

When we compare any modern writer, except Balzac, with the writers of an older world, with, let us say, Dante, Villon, Shakespeare, Cervantes, we are in the presence of something slight and shadowy. It is natural for a man who believes that man finds his happiness here on earth, or not at all, to make light of all obstacles to that happiness and to deny altogether the insuperable obstacles seen by religious philosophy. The strength and weight of Shakespeare, of Villon, of Dante, even of Cervantes, come from their pre-occupation with evil. In

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Shelley in Ruskin, in Wordsworth, who for all his formal belief was, as Blake saw, a descendant of Rousseau, there is a constant resolution to dwell upon good only; and from this comes their lack of the sense of character, which is defined always by its defects or its incapacity, and their lack of the dramatic sense; for them human nature has lost its antagonist. William Morris was and is my chief of men; but how would that strong, rich nature have grasped and held the world had he not denied all that forbade the millennium he longed for? He had to believe that men needed no spur of necessity and that men, not merely those who, in the language of the Platonists, had attained to freedom and so become self-moving, but all men, would do all necessary work with no compulsion but a little argument. He was perhaps himself half aware of his lack, for in *News from Nowhere* he makes a crochety old man complain that the novelists are not as powerful as before Socialism was established.

Bernard Shaw, compelled to believe, not, as Morris did, that men will slaughter cattle and skin dead horses for a pastime, but that men can be found to force them to it, and yet neither bully, nor accept bribes, nor put the wrong man to the work, has invented a drama where ideas and not men are the combatants, and so dislikes whatever is harsh or incomprehensible that he complains of Shakespeare's 'ghosts and murders' and of Ibsen's 'morbid terror of death.' It has been the lot of both men, the one a great many-sided man, and the other a logician without rancor, and both lovers of the best, to delight the Garden City Mind. To the Garden City Mind the slightness and shadowiness may well seem that of the clouds of dawn; but how can it seem to us in Ireland who have faith,— whether heathen or Christian,— who have believed from our cradle in original sin, and that man lives under a curse, and so must earn his bread with the sweat of his face, but what comes from blotting out one half of life?

When I went every Sunday to the little lecture hall at the side of William Morris's house, Lionel Johnson said to me, his tongue unloosed by slight intoxication, 'I wish those who deny the eternity of punishment could realize their unspeakable vulgarity.' I remember laughing when he said it, but for years I turned it over in my mind and it always made me uneasy. I do not think I believe in the eternity of punishment, and yet I am still drawn to a man that does — Swedenborg for instance — and rather repelled by those who have never thought it possible. I remember, too, old John O'Leary's contempt for a philanthropist, a contempt he could never explain. Is it that these men, who believe what they wish, can never be quite sincere and so live in a world of half belief? But no man believes willingly in evil or in suffering, above all in eternal suffering. How much of the strength and weight of Dante and of Balzac comes from unwilling belief, from the lack of it how much of the rhetoric and vagueness of all Shelley that does not arise from personal feeling?

VIII

Logic is loose again, as once in Calvin and Knox, or in the hysterical rhetoric of Savonarola, or in Christianity itself in its first raw centuries, and because it must always draw its deductions from what every dolt can understand, the wild beast cannot but destroy mysterious life. We do not the less need, because it is an economic and not a theological process, those Christian writers whose roots are in

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permanent human nature. They, too, have their solution of the social question. To Balzac, indeed, it was but personal charity, the village providence of the eighteenth century, but Soloviev and the economists are more scientific, and have fostered a movement which, instead of attacking property, distributes it as widely as possible, and this movement has been in practice cooperation, and there Ireland is not Russia's pupil, but her teacher. Their design is always to guard and strengthen family ambition; content to be the midwife of nature and not a juggling mechanist who would substitute an automaton for her living child.

A family is part of history and a part of the soil, and it seems to me a natural thing that coöperative Denmark should have invented the phrase: 'to understand the peasant by the saga and the saga by the peasant.' Socialism is as international as Capital or as Calvinism, and I have never met a Socialist who did not believe he could carry his oratory from London to Paris and from Paris to Jericho and there find himself at home.

If we could but unite our economics and our nationalism with our religion, that, too, would become philosophic — and the religion that does not become philosophic, as religion is in the East, will die out of modern Europe — and we, our three great interests made but one, would at last be face to face with the great riddle, and might, it may be, hit the answer. Yet no man can hit the answer till certain discoveries have had time to change the direction of speculation and research. To take but one straw from a haystack, I have known a dream to pass through a whole house — I can never blind myself to the implications of that fact — but what I do not know is whether it so passed because all were under one roof, or because all shared certain general interests, or because all had various degrees of affection for one another. Now all these writers of economics overrate the importance of work. Every man has a profound instinct that idleness is the true reward of work, even if it only come at the end of life, or if generations have to die before it comes at all, and literature and art are often little but its preparation that it may be an intensity. I have no doubt that the idleness, let us say, of a man devoted to his collection of Chinean paintings affects the mind even of men who do physical labor without spoken or written word, and all the more because physical labor increases mental pursuits.

I have studied the influence, as it were, in the laboratory, and I cannot exclude this fact, to which the world may not be converted for fifty years, from my judgment of the social system and its reformers; but I do not know if this influence would be strengthened, if laborer and idler used churches, or furniture, or listened to or read stories, and wore clothes which had all, as, let us say, in Minoan or Egyptian civilization, a common character. Albert de Rochas suspected something of the kind, and I do not know how large a portion of our day's thought — though I suspect the greater portion — has its direction or its intensity from such influence.

Did some perception of this create among primitive people the conviction that ordinary men had no immortality, but obtained it through a magical bond with some chief or king? Perhaps it may be possible in a few years to apportion the values of idleness by a science that traces the connections of thought and by a religion that judges the result. With Christianity came the realization that a man must surrender his particular will to an implacable will, not his, though within

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his, and perhaps we are restless because we approach a realization that our general will must surrender itself to another will within it, interpreted by certain men, at once economists, patriots, and inquisitors. As all realization is through opposites, men coming to believe the subjective opposite of what they do and think, we may be about to accept the most implacable authority the world has known.

Do I desire it or dread it, loving as I do the gambling table of Nature where many are ruined but none is judged, and where all is fortuitous, unforeseen?

The Irish Statesman

IX

When Dr. Hyde delivered in 1894 his lecture on the necessity of 'the de-anglicization of Ireland,' to a society that was a youthful indiscretion of my own, I heard an enthusiastic hearer say: 'This lecture begins a new epoch in Ireland.' It did that, and if I were not four-and-fifty, with no settled habit but the writing of verse, rheumatic, indolent, discouraged, and about to move to the Far East, I would begin another epoch by recommending to the nation a new doctrine, that of unity of being.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A TIN TREASURY

BY C. L. G.

Sir Henry Newbolt, in *A New Study of English Poetry*, warns us of the dangers to which we are exposed from anthologists and the growing love of anthologies. 'The anthology,' he observes, 'was in its origin a collection of minor poems, a collection of memorable pieces from the works of minor poets — that is of poets who are not themselves so memorable.' Here we may interject, with all deference, that this definition hardly covers the Greek Anthology, which includes many poems which are only 'minor' when tested by their length, and were written by poets emphatically memorable, for example, Sappho, Callimachus, Simonides, Theocritus, to mention no others. Sir Henry Newbolt regrets that this definition is no longer followed. 'A modern anthology is simply a collection,' and his warning is specially directed against anthologies which profess to give you a collection of all the best poetry, excluding only those poems which are too long for inclusion in a small volume. The anthology which sets out to be a collection of gems is chosen on a bad principle, because the reader is 'led to understand that he has before him in this small compass all the poetry which is really worth troubling about; all that is likely to give him pleasure. He learns, therefore, either to disregard the personality of the poets altogether, to treat them all as if they were very much upon an equality when they were at their best, or at least to believe that in these select pieces he has sufficient material for judging of even the greatest poets. The Temple of Fame has

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been by this means rebuilt upon a conveniently small scale, the niches in it being reserved, not for poets, but for single poems.'

Sir Henry Newbolt, having thus ruled out what he considers to be the bad anthology, and dismissing the anthology which is a mere work of reference on a special subject as indifferent, reiterates his conviction that the only good anthology is that which professes to give the best poems of the minor poets, 'that is to say the best poems of those poets who have produced from time to time good work, but have not embodied in it the whole of their personality, or have embodied in it only a personality of a simple nature and no great variety of experience or mood.' To these he would add 'all those anonymous poems which cannot be attributed to any author known to us, including the contents of the Elizabethan Song Books and other collections, and our national ballads. But this is not the kind of anthology now popular. The anthology in general request is a labor-saving appliance, and the labor which it saves the reader is the trouble of making a real acquaintance with those poets who are best worth attention.'

It is to be feared that the anthology for which suggestions are put forward in this paper would hardly meet with the approval of so austere a critic; yet in some ways it comes within the four corners of his definition. It would unquestionably contain poems by minor poets, and anonymous pieces, none of which would embody the whole of the personality of their writers. But its special *differentia* would reside not in the beauty, but the point of the anonymous pieces and the badness, absurdity, or eccentricity of those where the authorship could be traced. It must not be forgotten that profundity in the art of sinking sometimes approaches genius. And genius itself occasionally stoops from Olympus. The lapses of considerable authors are a consolation to mediocrity. Our collection would thus possess a high educational value, by enshrining meritorious anonymous poems not included in other anthologies, by warning the aspirant what to avoid, and refreshing the critical by the contemplation of the splendors of inanity. So far as poetry is concerned, the anthology might not be unfairly described as a Tin Treasury. But it might be profitably enlarged to include prose specimens as well, if, indeed, it is possible nowadays to frame a definition of prose which will exclude all the forms of *vers libre*.

In the verse section of the proposed Tin Treasury a foremost place should be reserved for those pieces, mostly anonymous, and hitherto discarded by professional anthologists, which, without laying claim to the possession of any high poetic quality or melodic beauty, are yet at once workmanlike in their execution, terse in expression, and sane in their outlook. Tested by the standard of Shakespeare and Milton they may be no more than doggerel, but they are sometimes inspired doggerel, if such an apparent contradiction in terms may be allowed.

No better example of this kind of verse can be found than the often quoted but seldom printed epitaph on the 'old woman who always was tired':

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Here lies an old woman who always was tired;
She lived in a world where too much was required.
Her last words on earth were, 'My friends, I am going
Where there neither is cooking, nor washing, nor sewing.
With loud Hallelujahs the Heavens are ringing,
But I shall have nothing to do with the singing.

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So weep not for me, and mourn for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever.'

Catalani is said to have remarked of Sontag that she was not great, but that she was great *dans son genre*, and the criticism may be applied to these admirable lines. Except for the purple patch in the fifth line the style is homely and pedestrian. But as a *cri de cœur* they are irresistible. Apart from the slight repetition in the last line but one, there is not a single word that could be spared. If this be doggerel, it is doggerel *in excelsis*.

Another example of this kind of verse, also admirable, though hardly attaining to the same level of poignancy, is the jingling octette which neatly sums up the merits of the eternal duel between conscious virtue and conscious talent:

If all the good people were clever,
And all that are clever were good,
The world would be better than ever
We thought that it possibly could.
But, alas! it is seldom or never
These two hit it off as they should;
For the good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good.

A plea may also be put in for those epigrams which, if lacking in the passion or elegance of classical examples, have yet a rude and elemental vigor of their own. A good specimen of this type is the quatrain in which an anonymous but human schoolgirl satirically contrasted the weakness of her kind with the immunity from the tender passion enjoyed by two famous head mistresses:

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts never feel.
How different from us,
Miss Beale and Miss Buss!

On a lower level again, but yet worthy at any rate of consideration as possible candidates for admission to our suggested collection, are those pieces of doggerel or homely rhyme which survive, in oral currency for the most part, by virtue of a certain efficiency of expression. They are not memorable, except in the limited and literal sense of being easily remembered because they are cast in a metrical form. As a specimen the following lines may be given, familiar to the present writer for at least forty years, but never seen by him in print.

THE ROUND OF THE CLOCK

The industrious 'pore'
Must get up at four.
Those who wish to thrive
Must get up at five.
Those who have to lay bricks
Ought to get up at six.
Those who have thriven
May rest until seven.
The rich and the great
May lie until eight.
The pampered and fine
May snooze until nine.
Only great men
May sleep until ten.
The famed Sleepers Seven
Slept on till eleven.
Those in night-shifts who delve
May repose until twelve.
A millionaire's son
Often rises at one.
Leader-writers (a few)
Must sleep until two.
And a Spanish grandee
May get up at three.

This is a far cry from Daniel's noble sonnet:

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born—

culminating in the splendid couplet:

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

But we are considering a Tin, not a Golden Treasury. It is only right to add that the lines on early and late rising quoted above do not profess to be a correct version of the *editio princeps*, and that a few unauthorized

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couplets have been introduced to make good the lapses of memory.

The admission of 'Limericks' to our irregular anthology cannot be overlooked, but it is not an easy question to decide. Like the little girl in the rhyme, when they are good they are (sometimes) 'very, very good,' but 'when they are bad they are horrid.' Having recently discussed this form at some length in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, we may be excused from entering into details. The 'Limerick' palls with repetition, and to read the *Book of Limericks* recently published, which contains more than seven hundred specimens, from cover to cover without a stop, conduces to acute mental dyspepsia. Ineptitude can be exquisite, but most modern 'Limericks' are distinguished by forced facetiousness, or a 'tripe-and-oniony' flavor of the most pronounced kind. For example:

There was an old woman of Clewer
Who rode on a bike, and it threw her.
A butcher came by
And said, 'Madam, don't cry,'
As he fastened her on with a skewer.

Lear's nonsense rhymes stand apart, but they do not lend themselves to selection. For the rest there are not more than twenty really first-râte 'Limericks,' but a dozen would be quite enough for our anthology.

Room should be found in our anthology for a section devoted to absurdities, the ἄτοπα of Aristotle's categories of things, including the 'drunken helots' of literature, which might serve a useful purpose in teaching authors commencing what to avoid, besides affording entertainment to the critical. Aristotle, it may be remembered, though rather rigid in his view of the subject-matter of literature, did not entirely condemn the impossible or even the absurd, so long as it was plausible. He does not, however, contemplate the possibility of an ineptitude so abysmal as to attain to a sort of inverted sublimity. In a representative *Lyra Ineptiarum*, space should be found for lines, couplets, stanzas, and even whole poems. There are many classical examples of bad single lines in the works of poets of repute. In modern poetry a claim for supremacy might be advanced for one which occurred in a little volume published somewhere about sixty years ago. The writer was describing a water picnic, at which one of the party, 'Eric, the boy poet,' delighted his companions by singing,

In exquisite falsetto now and then.

There is an ample choice of excruciating couplets. They abound in modern hymns, and the earlier hymnologists did not always escape lapses into the well of bathos undefiled. For example, in one of the early paraphrases of the Psalms you will find these lines:

Imagination's widest stretch
In wonder dies away.

Epitaphs are rich in unconscious absurdity, and Swinburne, in a letter to Watts-Dunton, quotes a superb instance in the couplet on the accidental death of a volunteer:

He fell: Fate sounded, Simpson is no more:
And grateful Maidstone bled at every pore.

The force of fatuity could no further go. But for heroic illustration of the art of sinking, the palm must be awarded to two lines from an unsuccessful Oxford Prize Poem on the 'Voyage of the Mayflower':

At last, by favor of Almighty God,
With bellying sail the Fathers made Cape Cod.

Students of minor poetry will find no lack of suitable material in the shape of stanzas. The best (or worst)

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that occurs to us is one from a lyric written and set to music by the late Hamilton Aïdé:

> Nature cares not whence or how,
> Nature asks not why,
> 'T is enough that thou art thou,
> And that I am I.

These lines are 'simple, sensuous, and passionate,' and quite impossible to forget. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox may have equaled but has certainly never surpassed their compact inanity, though she deserves at least an honorable mention for the quatrain in her appeal 'To Men':

> We suffer so; but women's souls,
> Like violet powder dropped on coals,
> Give forth their best in anguish. Oh,
> The subtle secrets that we know;

and again for the aphorisms in 'Sorrow's Uses':

> Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
> Than the sated gourmand's finest repast.
> The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
> To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

As one of her admirer's observes: 'There may have been poets who have essayed to sing in a more sublime strain. But the very fact that Mrs. Wilcox points us to the infinitude of the commonplace proves how completely she has identified herself with what must be the mission of all art, and especially poetry, in the future.'

In a wholly different category, yet worthy of inclusion as showing the 'thin partitions' that divide 'great wits from madness.' is the perversion of Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith,' written by a patient in a lunatic asylum:

> His hair is red and white and blue,
> His face is like the tan;
> His brow is wet with blood and sweat,
> He steals where'er he can;
> He looks the whole world in the face,
> A drunkard and a man.

It is perhaps worthy of record that the late Mr. Stephen Phillips thought these lines much better than the original. In this context one should not forget that sane and even eminent writers sometimes unconsciously deviate into absurdity. Thus one of the most distinguished of modern historians in a volume of meditative verse, marked by a good deal of quiet charm, apostrophized his fluttering heart as 'little bounder.' One could not have a better example of the process by which words and phrases perfectly sound in themselves have become degraded or vulgarized.' As Mr. Crosland (from whom we quote this comment but not the illustration given above) reminds us, Shakespeare ends one of his sonnets with the line,

> Till my bad angel fire my good one out,

and he continues,

> Since Shakespeare's day to 'fire out' has acquired a vulgar, comic, or burlesque meaning. So that in sonnets angels good or bad can no longer 'fire out.' Another instance is the adjective 'glad'—a fine poetic word, which, however, can be no longer prefixed to 'eye' or 'hand' because 'glad eye' and 'glad hand' are now vulgar expressions.

The ignorance of the wise becomes the bliss of the ribald.

English poets and poetasters have no monopoly of bathos, dullness, or inanity. We know what Juvenal thought of Cicero's verse, and how Homer's supremacy did not exempt him from the charge of occasionally nodding. But such lapses would hardly be suitable for our anthology. A plea, however, might be put in for the worst or most wonderful hexameters perpetrated by English schoolboys. The worst that ever came within the ken of the present writer is the rendering

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of 'Three days and three nights was I tossed on the deep,' into

> Tres dies noctesque ego jactabar per pontum.

And then there is the pleasing Eton 'chestnut' of the boy, who, in accordance with the old practice of teaching Latin verse, was given the words, 'A man struck him with a big stick'—this was long before Mr. Roosevelt was thought of — to turn into a Latin hexameter line. Looking up 'man' in the *Gradus*, he was so impressed with the synonym 'pulvis et umbra sumus' that he decided to use it. Here, at least, was half a line ready-made. But the method was expensive and called for rigid economy in the choice of the remaining words. Even so, he found himself, by the addition of 'magno percussit eum,' with only one syllable left for 'stick.' *Baculum*, *bacillum*, *fustis* were all unavailable. At last, thanks to a brilliant inspiration, he thought of 'candlestick.' Obviously if *candelabrum* were dissected, *brum* stood for stick. Hence the triumphant completion of the line:

> Pulvis et umbra sumus magno percussit eum bro.

These efforts lead us on to the larger question of 'howlers.' Here again the field is large, and it is not unreaped. (By the way, if one may be pardoned the digression, is it not strange to find Choerilus, the contemporary of Herodotus, complaining that all poetical subjects had been already exhausted, all the domain of letters mapped out, and all the arts cultivated to their extreme limits, so that 'we are now left behind in the race and wherever one looks there is no room anywhere for a freshly-yoked chariot to make its way to the front'?) The irregular anthologist will need all his discrimination to make a selection at once representative and distinguished, when so many flowers are artificially manufactured. Yet here as elsewhere truth is sometimes quite as strange as fiction; witness the authentic brief life of Richard I: 'He led an expedition into Normandy and was shot through the eye by a Mormon.' Where the faked 'howler' fails is in the piling up of the agony; the genuine article is nearly always confined to a single absurdity. And just as 'bulls' have been at once truly and inaccurately described as pregnant, so 'howlers' are sometimes highly if unconsciously instructive, as when it was said that the feminine of *senex* was *Seneca*.

The boy who gave the genitive and meaning of *grus* as '*gruntis*, a pig,' deserved a good mark. To revert to bulls the best comment on the Irish variety is to be found in Sir Jonah Barrington's *Recollections*. He observes of Sir Boyle Roche that

> he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be extracted. . . . He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland, but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them. The English people consider the bull as nothing more than a vulgar nonsensical expression; but Irish blunders are frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning. . . . Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army: 'The best way,' said Sir Boyle, 'to *avoid* danger is to *meet it plump*.'

There are plenty of English bulls, but they are mostly of the nature of mixed metaphors, and they turn up in the most unexpected quarters. For instance, Mark Pattison, of all people in the world, has this extraordinary sentence in his *Memoirs* (page 16):

> At this day all information is more widely diffused, or accessible; but even at this day a country squire or rector, on landing with

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his cub under his wing in Oxford, finds himself much at sea as to the respective advantages or demerits of the various Colleges.

The picture called up is indeed that of a fearful amphibious fowl, but the context precludes us from supposing that it was intentional, and it does not move one to laughter like the paragraph which once appeared in an Irish newspaper describing the sequel to a burglary: 'After a fruitless search all the money was recovered except one pair of boots.'

Journalistic ineptitudes are perhaps hardly as common as in the roaring days of the 'young lions of Peterborough Court,' but treasures are still at hand to reward the industrious collector. Not so very long ago lightning was compared by a flamboyant scribe to 'God's shorthand,' and a good deal of valuable instruction in the art of how not to say things can be gathered from a study of the vagaries of the ex-halfpenny press. Misprints are less educative, but they are often a source of joy, and possibly a few might be admitted to our irregular anthology. Few are more pleasing than those enshrined in the ancient yarn — probably concocted — of the public banquet at which a speaker, in proposing the toast of the army, coupled with it the name of a distinguished general, whom he described, according to the printed account of the proceedings, as a 'bottle-scarred veteran.' In the next issue of the paper in which this libel had appeared, a note was inserted, expressing regret for a typographical error, and explaining that the words should have been 'battle-scared veteran.'

But the most extraordinary misprint which ever appeared in a paper of importance was that by which, owing to the misreading of a cablegram, a Colonial governor was credited with a double addition to his family. As a matter of fact the Proconsul had been taking a leading part in the ceremony organized to celebrate the initial stage of the construction of a new railway, and the brief summary cabled to London ended with the words 'Governor turns first sod,' which in transmission were perverted into 'Governor twins first son,' and expanded as above. It only remains to be added that the governor was a widower. Only an extraordinarily strong sense of humor could have saved the governor from irritation at being thus victimized. We hope he possessed it — like the soldier who was sentenced to be flogged and while the punishment was being inflicted laughed loudly and continuously. When he was asked for the cause of his merriment he replied: 'I can't help laughing. You see, the fact is you're flogging the wrong man.'

Other forms of literary expression, notably letters and testimonials, seem to lend themselves to the scheme. Treasures are sometimes found in booksellers' catalogues. For example, in a list of second-hand books issued by a London dealer some years ago one entry ran as follows:

> MESSIAH. — An Oratorio performed at the Theatre in York, by Major Canamus, sm. 4to, sewed, 5*s*.

Early libretti of the *Messiah*, it may be mentioned, have the quotation 'majora canamus' on the title page.

But these are only a few suggestions, which might be indefinitely extended on the general lines indicated, for the compilation of a small volume treating for the most part those authors, whom Pope professed to regard as the common enemies of mankind, as unconscious benefactors of humanity.

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SOME OF OUR YOUNG WAR POETS

BY MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON, L.L.A.

Now that peace has come, we may count among the wreckage and destruction the salvage of a new literature. The war has at least brought us an outburst of song comparable only with that of the Elizabethan age amid the tumult and triumphs of the stormy but glorious reign of 'Good Queen Bess.'

> Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
> Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder' —

writes Heine, and the same idea is expressed by our modern men:

> On Achi Baba's rock their bones
> Whiten, and on Flanders' plain,
> But of their travailings and groans
> Poetry is born again.

And again:

> Yet not so shalt thou, O Poesy, be forgotten,
> Of thy once great beauty shorn;
> For lo! in the stricken field wast thou begotten,
> Of the spear-points wast thou born.

It is little wonder that the long-drawn tragedy of the war, the agony and bloody sweat of millions of young men, have driven many to find the relief of expression in the written word for the varied emotions and experiences of the battlefield.

Hitherto most of our war poetry and painting has been produced from the inner consciousness in the seclusion and calm of the library and studio; the long Pax Britannica which gave us Kipling and Newbolt and many others demanded no war service from poets and artists.

But the young men of to-day who answered the call of their country have themselves been through the hell of modern warfare.

Some of them sing in the glad temper of the Happy Warrior who has thrown up everything—ambition, career, life, and limb—in the joy of sacrifice to fight for liberty and justice; they saw the vision of a crusade for righteousness when, in the fateful days of August, 1914, the world watched aghast the spectacle of a great nation running amuck, throwing honor to the winds, invading neutral territory, and slaughtering helpless peasants on their own land.

We find this spirit in the fine lines of Rupert Brooke (died in the Ægean Sea) in his sonnet, 'Gifts of the Dead':

> Blow, bugles, blow! they brought us, for our dearth
> Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
> Honor has come back as a king to earth,
> And paid his subjects with a royal wage:
> And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
> And we have come into our heritage.

In the verses of Captain the Honorable Julian Grenfell D.S.O. (killed in action), 'Into Battle':

> The fighting man shall from the sun
> Take warmth and life from the glowing earth;
> Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
> And with the trees to newer birth;
> And find, when fighting shall be done,
> Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

In the poem of Lieutenant Geoffrey Howard, 'Without Shedding of Blood':

> We have given all things that were ours,
> So that our weeds might yet be flowers;
> We have covered half the earth with gore
> That our houses might be homes once more;
> The sword Thou hast demanded, Lord;
> And, now, behold the sword!

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In 'War's Cataract,' by Lieutenant Herbert Asquith:

This is the field where Death and Honor meet,
And all the lesser company are low:
Pale Loveliness has left her mirror now
And walks the Court of Pain with silent feet.

In 'Release,' by Lieutenant W. N. Hodgson, M.C. (killed in action):

Death whining down from heaven,
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound,
Doubting we charged and conquered —
Hopeless we struck and stood;
Now that the fight is ended
We know that it was good.

Space necessarily limits quotation, but the same spirit is found in many fine poems by men (alas! most of them taken from us) — Captain C. H. Sorley (killed in action), Captain R. M. Dennys (died of wounds), Sergeant T. W. Streets (killed in action), Lieutenant E. F. Wilkinson, M.C. (killed in action), Lieutenant C. W. Winterbotham (killed in action), and many others.

Some few men write in the jovial barbaric spirit of the sportsman and sing the glories of war as a great game; there is little love poetry (or perhaps it has not been published), but there is much written hymning the joy and love of nature, the passionate homesickness for the motherland, and the saneness and delight of simple things keeping men from madness.

One may quote as examples: 'Home Thoughts in Laventie,' by Lieutenant the Honorable E. Wyndham Tennant (killed in action):

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams,
and silver scurrying dace,
Home — what a perfect place!

'Strange Service,' by Private Ivor Guerney:

Little did I dream, England, that you bore me
Under the Cotswold Hills beside the water-meadows
To do you dreadful service here, beyond your borders
And your unfolding seas.

And the two beautiful poems of Lieutenant Robert Nichols, 'At the Wars' and 'Farewell':

O bronzen pines, evening of gold and blue,
Steep mellow slope dimmed twilit pools below,
Hushed trees, still vale dissolving in the dew —
Farewell. Farewell. There is no more to do.
We have been happy. Happy now I go.

'Reverie' and 'Before Action,' of W. N. Hodgson; 'The Beach Road by the Wood' and 'England,' by Geoffrey Howard.

The pride of officers in their men, the surpassing valor and devotion of the vast host of unknown common soldiers, the comradeship and affection of those fighting together in a common cause, a love passing the love of women, are beautifully expressed in the verses by Robert Nichols, 'Fulfillment':

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine!

And in the lines of Lieutenant T. A. Mackintosh to the fathers of his men killed in action:

You were only their fathers,
I was their officer ——.

There rings through many poems the note of bitter regret for dead friends, for the wasted youth and wasted genius of those gone hence, the angry revolt against the cruel sufferings of simple men, the eternal *lachrymæ rerum*. This is the theme of that poignant and wonderful poem of

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Robert Nichols, 'Battery Moving Up to a New Position from a Rest Camp, Dawn.' I quote the latter half entreating the prayers of the faithful at their early Mass:

O people, who bow down to see
The Miracle of Calvary,
The bitter and the glorious,
Bow down, bow down and pray for us.

Once more our anguished way we take
Toward our Golgotha, to make
For all our lovers sacrifice.
Again the troubled bell tolls thrice.

And, slowly, slowly lifted up
Dazzles the overflowing cup.
O worshiping, fond multitude,
Remember us, too, and our blood.

Turn hearts to us as we go by,
Salute those about to die,
Plead for them, the deep bell toll,
Their sacrifice must soon be whole.

Entreat you for such hearts as break
With the premonitory ache
Of bodies, whose feet, hands, and side
Must soon be torn, pierced, crucified.

Sue for them and all of us
Who the world over suffer thus,
Who have scarce time for prayer indeed,
Who only march and die and bleed.

The town is left, the road leads on,
Blue glaring in the sun,
Toward where in the sunrise gate
Death, honor, and fierce battle wait.

'Plant of Friendship by Death Broken,' also by Robert Nichols; 'The Cross of Wood,' by Lieutenant C. W. Winterbotham (killed in action); 'Outposts,' by Lieutenant A. L. Jenkins; and the beautiful poem of Max Plowman, 'A New Call to Arms,' are on the same theme.

The fear of being afraid haunts many, that nightmare of those gifted with imagination; that 'fears were liars' is proved by the long list of honors gained by these Sunday children, and the last and greatest honor of the wooden cross given to only too many. In illustration we can turn to 'Big Words,' by Captain Robert Graves; 'Courage,' by Captain J. E. Stewart, M.C.; and 'Soliloquy,' by Richard Aldington:

No, I'm not afraid of death —
Not very much afraid, that is —
Either for others or myself:
Can watch them coming from the line
On the wheeled silent stretchers
And not shrink,
But munch my sandwich stoically
And make a joke, when 'it' has passed.
But — the way they wobble!
God! that makes one sick.
Dead men should be so still, austere,
And beautiful,
Not wobbling carrion roped upon a cart.

Well, thank God for rum.

We are told sometimes that the younger generation has little or no feeling for religion, but at least a strong respect for the Sixth Commandment has been instilled into the hearts of many of our citizen army. Those of us who have nursed soldiers in delirium or under anæsthetics know well the agonized remorse for deeds they had to do, which seems to haunt their inmost soul, in spite of the absolution of the churches.

Wilfred Gibson gives expression to his horror which lives at the back of the mind of many a silent, simple man in 'The Bayonet':

This bloody steel
Has killed a man.
I heard him squeal
As on I ran.

He watched me come
With wagging head.
I pressed it home
And he was dead.

Though clean and clear
I 've wiped the steel,
I still can hear
That dying squeal.

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And again in 'Back':

They asked me where I 've been,
And what I 've done and seen.
But what can I reply
Who know it was n't I,
But someone just like me,
Who went across the sea
And with my head and hands
Killed men in foreign lands.
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name.

Our soldiers write no hymns of hate and seem to leave anger and bitterness to the civilian and the press. The large-hearted understanding of the British soldier is shown in 'To Germany,' by Captain E. Sorley; 'Before Battle,' by Lieutenant C. N. Brand; 'The Grave,' by Private Wilfrid J. Halliday; and 'The Soldier's Prayer,' by Sergeant Patrick MacGill. I quote the first two:

TO GERMANY

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But gropers both through fields of thought confined,
We stumbled and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each other's dearest way we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.

When it is peace, then we may view again
With new-won eyes each other's truer form,
And wonder. Grown more loving, kind, and warm,
We 'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
When it is peace. But, until peace, the storm,
The darkness, and the thunder and the rain.

BEFORE BATTLE

Shall God, who planned the seasons, let me die?
Then if it must be so
Let me go willingly,
Feeling no hatred for my foe;
Only content to know
That there awaits me, somewhere far away,
A happy band of friends
Who died before me, who will say
Sweet words of welcome when my anguish ends.

We have shown that some men go into battle with sacrificial consecration like the knights of old, others with joy and gladness as to a high adventure or great game, others in their own parlance 'stick it' as grim duty; many have passed with apparent indifference through horrors which have robbed their comrades of nerve and reason; it is all a question of temperament, and all these hosts of silent warriors have had their special singer.

There is also another school of poets not soldiers by predilection — thinkers, scholars, writers *par excellence*, many of them, who have left the university or even their sixth form bench at their country's need. They belong to a very modern and critical generation little troubled by reverence to their elders or veneration for institutions, including even the British army. In the words of a despairing schoolmaster, 'they fear not God, neither do they regard man.'

They preserve under their khaki the critical faculties of their class and training and do not hesitate to show up the weak places of our military system, the selfishness of the civilian, and the hypocrisy of the nation. There is great bitterness to old men (in some poems even to women) and to the war profiteer. They write with unsparing truth and realism regardless of the squeamish 'We are poets and shall tell the truth.' Like their brother artists of the brush they have been through hell; they do not idealize slaughter, but sing of war as they see it in all its stupidity and insanity, its terror and desolation, its squalor and foulness, its weariness and boredom. They spare

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us no details, we must see and hear and feel them all: the nerve-racking roar of the great guns, the crack of the sniper's rifle, the sleepless nights, the hunger and thirst, the dreary food, the hideous wounds, the gasping breath, the unburied dead, the stench and nausea, the blood, the filth, the heat, the cold, the rain and mud and sand, the flies, the mosquitoes, the lice and rats, the long waiting of our silent sailors on the high (and explosive) seas.

Before the rulers of the nations make war again let them consider our war pictures and study the writings of Captain Siegfried Sassoon, M.C., Richard Aldington, Captain Sitwell, Major H. V. S. Carey, Major W. Gibbs, Major H. F. Constantine, 'Miles,' Lieutenant L. R. Abel Smith, Lieutenant Alex. Waugh, W. W. Gibson, and others.

These poems are not pleasant reading for many of us, but we are bound to listen, for these men write from the pit, and they went to their Calvary for us men and our salvation.

Captain S. Sassoon may be called the Juvenal of the war. He has already been in collision with the military authorities, as will be remembered, and he spares no one in his hatred and disgust of war. I can only quote a few:

THEY

The Bishop tells us: When the boys come back
They will not be the same; for they have fought
In a just cause; they led the last attack
On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
New right to breed an honorable race.
They have challenged Death and dared him face to face.

'We 're none of us the same!' the boys reply,
'For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;
Poor Jem 's shot through the lungs and like to die;
And Bert's gone syphilitic; you 'll not find
A chap who 's served that has n't found some change.'

And the Bishop said: 'The ways of God are strange.'

THE GENERAL

'Good-morning, good-morning!' the General said,
When we met him last week on our way to the line:
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of them dead,
And we 're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
'He 's a cheery old card,' grunted Harry to Jack,
As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

. . . . . .

But he did for them both by his plan of attack.

DOES IT MATTER?

Does it matter — losing your legs?
For people will always be kind;
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter — losing your sight?
There 's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter — those dreams from the pit?
You can eat and forget and be glad,
And people won 't say that you 're mad;
For they know that you fought for your country,
And no one will worry a bit.

Captain Osbert Sitwell is also a keen satirist, especially merciless to the old in his poem 'Armchair,' 'In Bad Taste,' and 'The Eternal Club.' The last I quote:

Warming their withered hands the dotards say:
'In our youth men were happy till they died.
What is it ails the young men of to-day —
To make them bitter and dissatisfied?'

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Two thousand years ago it was the same.
'Poor Joseph! How he 'll feel about his son!
I knew him as a child — his head aflame
With gold. He seemed so full of life and fun
And even as a young man he was fine,
Converting tasteless water into wine.
Then something altered him. He tried to chase
The money-changers from the Temple door.
White ringlets swung, and tears shone in their poor
Aged eyes. He grew so bitter, and found men
For friends as discontented — lost all count
Of caste — denied his father, faith, and then
He preached that dreadful Sermon on the Mount!
And even then he would not let things be;
And when they nailed him high up on the tree
And gave him vinegar and pierced his side,
He asked God to forgive them — still dissatisfied.'

'Miles' fiercely attacks the war profiteer in 'The Modern Abraham,' and is no lover of Prussian methods, which are grinding down the freedom of Britons. I quote a poem against conscription:

SHEEP SONG

From within our pens
Stout built
We watch the sorrows of the World.
Imperturbably
We see the blood
Drip and ooze on to the walls.
Without a sigh
We watch our lambs
Stuffed and fattened for the slaughter.

In our liquid eyes lie hidden
All the mystery of empty spaces
And the secret of the vacuum.

. . . . . .

Yet we can be moved.
When the head-sheep bleats,
We bleat with him.
When he stampedes,
We gallop after him
Until
In our frenzy
We trip him up,
And a new sheep leads us.

. . . . . .

Then the black Lamb asked,
Saying, 'Why did we start this glorious Gadarene descent?'
And the herd bleated angrily:
'We went in with clean feet,
And we will come out with empty heads,
Therefore,
It is a noble thing to do.
We are stampeding to end stampedes.
We are fighting for lambs
Who are never likely to be born.
When once a sheep gets its blood up,
The goats will remember.'

But the herdsman swooped down,
Shouting
'Get back to your pens there.'

I regret that space forbids me to quote the fine poems of the men mentioned above, and the terrible verses of Richard Aldington, 'The Blood of the Young Men.'

Some critics question whether this war poetry will last. It is possible that we, who have lived through this cataclysm, may be incapable of judging clearly and may have our critical faculties dulled by the admiration and passionate pity we feel for the sufferings of these sensitive artist souls in the world of tragedy to which their mothers bore them, but while the youngest among us remembers the Great War all that they wrote will be read with deep interest by the few who read poetry, and much will live on as long as the English language lasts.

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THE RIGHT OF THE COMMUNITY TO EXIST

It was M. Clemenceau, we think, who some years ago, when he was challenged to say 'by what right' the government required conscript soldiers to work the railways during a strike, answered in his pointed way: 'The right of the community to exist.' That phrase states the whole issue wherever there is an attempt by a minority to impose their views upon the majority by means of paralyzing trade and depriving people of the essentials of life. On several occasions we have pointed out that so long as a minority of the people declare their intention to supersede democracy and get by means of violence — euphemistically called 'direct action'— what they cannot get by the constitutional means of persuading a majority of their fellows, it will be not only desirable but inevitable that those who are really democrats, and who hold that to yield to intimidation is the part of cowards and slaves, should turn their attention to organizing themselves. Organization must be met by organization. When some weeks ago there was talk about the early appearance of the red flag, we described a scheme under which good citizens would be asked to enroll themselves for the purpose of resisting Bolshevist violence. The idea was that by simple enrollment householders would make it practically impossible for families to be overcome piecemeal, or, as soldiers would say, 'in detail.' They would make it impossible for the 'Red' methods of Russia to be imitated here, methods whereby the allegiance of a great number of persons is forcibly transferred to the wrong side. There would be no question of armed preparation, or even of drill, but merely of undertaking to rally to a particular spot for further instructions, say at the end of a street. The chief advantage of the scheme would be that the very fact that it was known to exist would probably prevent its ever being required to come into operation.

That, of course, is only a negative kind of organization. But there might be positive or constructive kinds of organization for carrying on the indispensable services of the community during strikes aimed against the right of the community to exist. We have read with pleasure a wise letter from Lord Wrenbury in a recent issue of the *Times* in which he pleads for this kind of organization. 'When,' he writes, 'the laborers in a trade organize themselves into a body and say: "We will not work in our trade except upon defined terms," they are within their rights. When they add: "And no one else shall either" they are wrong.' When miners, railwaymen, and suchlike refuse to work nobody of course can make them do so; but (*a*) the state has a duty to see that those who want to work shall not be prevented, and (*b*) every citizen has a definite interest, if not a duty, in seeing that the lack of labor shall be supplied. With great force Lord Wrenbury points out that, from cowardice and want of appreciation of the consequences, the nation has allowed the creation of a tyranny. The worker, he says, has 'a heavy grievance against society' in this matter. It is perfectly true. The Trade Unions were by a piece of despicable opportunism placed above the law, and

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a sort of sanction has consequently been given to the activities of Unions, even when it is their policy to intimidate. Only a few days ago the present writer was talking to five workers in a particular trade, who told him that there was shortly to be a strike in that trade. All five men said that they did not want to strike, since they believed that uninterrupted trade wou'd be much the best thing for them in the long run, but that, nevertheless, they would certainly strike if a strike were declared. They said that they could not possibly do otherwise. They could not desert their mates. They could not hold out against the orders of the Union. They could not break away from an organization to which they had subscribed for many years, and which they recognized as the ruler of their lives. Of course the Executives of Unions reply that they must coerce (or 'picket') or they would fail. That is to say, they justify a tyranny because it is intended to achieve an end which they regard as good. But we want now to look at the matter not so much from the point of view of the intimidated worker as from the point of view of the intimidated public. As Lord Wrenbury says, the weapon of defense must be one which will enable the community to say to the paralyzers of our daily life: 'Withdraw your labor if you will, but you shall not impose upon us that we shall be deprived of the necessaries of life. We will supply your places. The necessary service shall go on.' He recommends the voluntary enrollment of citizens in a body which he proposes should be called 'The Freedom Force.' The Force, he argues, must know nothing of politics or parties. 'Patriots are wanted, not politicians.'

We have described before the counter-strike of the middle classes in certain German towns, and many of our readers may remember the voluntary organization of citizens in Stockholm which some years ago defeated a strike against the community. We have before us a short description of what was called the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand which was the chief instrument in thwarting the general strike at Winnipeg in May and June of this year. The committee was an unofficial body, but it drew authority from the fact that it supported, and was therefore recognized by, the City Council as well as the Dominion and Provincial Governments. The Executive Committee sat almost continuously through the strike. The volunteers did not, as the pamphlet before us says, 'take over and administer,' but in every case 'went in and assisted.' The Central Strike Committee at Winnipeg were out to paralyze the city industrially. They called out simultaneously the staffs of the Fire Department, of the High Pressure Water Plant, of the Health Department, and of the Light and Power Departments. They allowed the police to remain on duty, but boasted that the police were under the instructions of the Strike Committee. They called out the telegraph operators, the postal operators, the bakers, the staff of the Winnipeg Electric Railway, the carters, and all workers engaged in distributing the necessaries of life. The work of the Committee of One Thousand was not so difficult as might be supposed, as each need of the community had to be met in order of its urgency as it presented itself. The first step was the formation of a Volunteer Fire Brigade. The Strike Committee had great fun for a time with the amateur firemen, as during the first few days they sent innumerable false alarms over the telephone wires. This emergency naturally had to be met by a system of patrolling the

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alarm stations. Thus one movement led on to another in natural sequence.

One of the chief achievements of the Committee of One Thousand was to produce a newspaper, which afterwards appeared daily except on Sundays, within twenty-four hours of the declaration of the printers' strike. A newspaper was found to be indispensable for communicating information, and the strikers had decreed that no newspaper should appear except their own organ. How the anti-strike newspaper was printed was something of a mystery, and perhaps still remains so. The strikers set up what was in effect a Soviet which issued its permits and passports. The pamphlet reproduces one of these permits stamped by the Winnipeg Trades Labor Council 'This entitles,' so it reads, 'T. J. Foster to place in cold storage canned eggs.' As a result of the work of the Committee of One Thousand the government were enabled to dispense altogether with the services of the postal strikers. Volunteers carried on postal work till a new staff had been recruited, though this process was helped out by a number of repentants who returned to work. The same thing happened in the Fire Department. The police, though they had not originally been called out by the Strike Committee, struck in obedience to the orders of their own Union and were bodily dismissed. In this case again the volunteer special constables filled the gap while an entirely new force was recruited.

These are only instances of the rapidly improvised services of a Citizens' Committee. The thing can be done, and done much more easily than people think. A community would have water for blood in its veins if it really yielded its right to exist.

The Spectator

AMERICA AND THE WORLD MARKET AS SEEN THROUGH BRITISH EYES

In these days of tumult a fierce light beats upon the United States. It is to her that all nations, from Ireland to Armenia, look for economic reconstruction, out of resources which are unique, and sorely needed by a war-wasted earth. But this glare is confusing to the uninstructed. They see tides of grain, mountains of meat and cotton; steel without end, coal and copper, wool, hides, and all other commodities in plethoric abundances, and billions of dollars besides. It is true that America is the only unshattered reservoir of energy, wealth, and will. True also that the shock of war quickened the forty-eight sovereignties of the Union into a homogeneity of nationhood such as America never knew before. But that 'composite cosmopolitan people'—it is President Wilson's phrase—are still groping after fulfillment. And the men who lead them to-day know the foibles and frailties of democracy as well as the Fathers of the Republic knew them over a hundred years ago.

To-day a new America emerges as a world state. Since Lincoln's day the population has leaped from 30,000,000 to 110,000,000; this is due to the greatest migration recorded in history. Over a million persons came pouring in each year. Prosperity in Ireland and in the Scandinavian nations, coupled with Germany's growing ambitions and power since 1871, wrought an unwelcome change in the quality of these immigrants. From the 'eighties onward, hordes came pouring from Southeastern Europe—cheap alien labor which was grievously exploited in the mines and factories and plantations. The public lands were at length taken up, and the cities con-

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gested. 'Big Business' became the only outlet for the energies of a stupendous nation, that was at once unmartial and idealistic in strange incongruous degrees. America was, and is, a welter of paradox. President Wilson utters truly her spiritual aims, yet returned *emigrés* are very bitter about the tyranny of wealth, about conditions of labor and glaring social inequalities.

It is 'big business' and aggrieved labor that check President Wilson today in his new foreign policy, and force him to confront phases of domestic strife which differ widely from those of the Democratic platform in 1912, which was eagerly concerned with social reforms. Visions of commercial domination were perceived in 1916, when money came raining in billions on the 'Great Neutral,' and even lavish New York was wearied and perplexed to devise new ways of spending. Then came the war, with its waves of self-abnegation, its continental stock-taking, its gearing up of industries, its enthusiastic military spirit, and its new mercantile fleet, which is to play so vital a part in the new day. Emerging from the Civil War, with her schooners and clippers, America had no zest for an era of steamships. Her flag all but disappeared; even in the Pacific she struck it to her Japanese competitors. But Allied needs, the German submarine, and a proper appreciation of her post-war opportunity wrought marvels in shipbuilding. New yards arose on the Great Lakes; up and down the Atlantic, from Eastport, Me., to the Florida Keys; along white strands of the Gulf, and up the Far West coast from San Diego to Seattle.

When the armistice was signed the 'shipless' America of other days had 341 yards with 1,284 launching ways; and the Emergency Fleet Board, under Edward Hurley, had 'money to burn' — £680,000,000. 'What is aimed at,' the Chairman said, 'is an efficient American ocean service, capable of covering the whole world, and of placing every American farmer, manufacturer and merchant in direct touch with each and every one of his foreign customers.' How well this is being done we can see in all markets, from Copenhagen to Valparaiso. Years ago South Wales supplied America with all the tin-plate she needed. Now Welsh producers are menaced in the home markets, and masters and men are sending a joint delegation to the United States to 'see how the thing is done.' In coal, the Americans are underselling us in Latin-American markets, where we have been supreme for generations. The Glasgow Corporation orders steel rails — from this 'new' America. American steel is offered in Australia at £11 a ton, as against our £16 a ton. Our steel rails cost £17 10*s*. a ton, America's £10; the respective prices for ship's plates are £19 and £11 15*s*. Birmingham orders her tram-rails from Cleveland. Italy turns for coal and freight locomotives to the United States; Japan buys textile machinery there which she formerly bought in Britain.

America's effort is indeed prodigious. Last year the Steel Trust alone produced over 20,000,000 tons of steel ingots, or double the output of the whole nation the year before the trust was organized. It takes four tons of coal to make a ton of steel; and the output of America's coal miners now approaches 900 tons per man, while ours in 1914 was only 252, and has since declined steadily. Meanwhile our coal exports — aptly enough called 'the coal we ate' — have dwindled from 77,000,000 tons in 1913 to only 34,000,000 tons last year. American coal is easier than ours to hew, and machines are employed on a great scale.

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Fifteen times more coal is won by machinery in the United States than is won in British mines. 'No man or woman,' says Dr. Charles Eliot, the Harvard scholar, should perform any task which a machine can do.' Hence the new American invasion of markets that have long been ours. Three fourths of the world's tin-plate are now of transatlantic origin. Mammoth liners are projected.

She holds all 'the goods, all the winning cards'; all her mines and farms, her shops and looms and factories, clatter and roar with tiptoe expectation. Henry Ford, of Detroit, whose assembling plants must be seen to be believed, will soon be turning out 1,000,000 motors in the financial year. Taking the past six months alone, America's exports amounted to $4,000,000,000, or £800,000,000. And the prospects are unlimited. The wheat crop will exceed 1,000,000,000 bushels, with other cereals on a like prodigal scale. America is the world's bread-basket, to begin with. She and her dependencies — notably Cuba — are great sugar producers. In Chicago the Five Packers control the whole world's meat. She leads in coal, as we have seen; she leads also in petroleum (over 600,000,000 barrels), and in iron ores, pig-iron, and steel. Of the 1,000,000 metric tons of copper, which the world used in 1913, 589,000 tons came from the United States. As for cotton, this season will see 17,500,000 bales of 478 pounds piled up. There are nearly 50,000,000 acres under this staple. As the price rose more and more land was sown to cotton, just as the wheat area of this year exceeded that of 1918 by 12,000,000 acres. And the Tanners' Council shows leather being exported to the value of £4,200,000 in a single month.

Such is the scene of abundant production on which Labor now breaks in. It was in a great American city — Seattle, on the Pacific — that the 'One Big Union' concept laid ordered society low in a moment. Now the railway guard asks £10 a week, and the powerful Train Brotherhood press for the 'democratization of industry'— a nation-wide form of state Socialism, such as the North Dakota farmers are attempting under Governor Frazier. These abrupt demands struck Wall Street like a Texan cyclone. There was an avalanche of selling, lest the paper profits or four months' frenzied speculation should be swallowed up and ruinous losses accrue. Labor now insists that the profits system be altered, root and branch. Capital is to be dethroned; it must retire from management, leaving operating brains and all grades of energy in control.

Not only the railways (which show an enormous Federal deficit) are to be democratized, but all the basic industries, such as coal, steel, live stock, and grain, as well as telegraphs, telephones, and all 'public utilities.' The state, executive officers, and the rank and file of workers — these are to be allied in joint management. This industrial revolution the American Federation regards as necessary and inevitable. So does the campaign begin — a bolt out of America's blue, with 95 per cent of business interests opposed to the change; angry, confused, and apprehensive.

Speaking for 2,000,000 workers, Mr. Stone the Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Engineers, put his case curtly to a joint committee of Congress. 'We have a democratic form of government,' Mr. Stone remarked, 'but an autocratic control of industry. So we now advance to the new crusade with al the fervor of pilgrims.' It must be owned that there is truth in this charge.

For forty years Congress and the State Parliaments have fought the

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trusts with no conclusive success. The conditions of labor, almost all alien labor, have been even below our own. And the doctrine of collective bargaining has not received the sanction we have given it. Strike-breaking was and is a regular trade, employing 'generals' like James Farley and James Waddell. Nowhere in the world are strikes so violent and sanguinary, fought out with firearms, dynamite, and bombs. But of late years a profound change is perceptible. Capitalists grew very human and sympathetic. Model employers, like Henry Ford and Charles Schwab, set a new example. Hours of labor decreased. Wages rose, and the watchword of 'efficiency' was carried to extravagant lengths. It was the plea of industrial efficiency which helped most to make America 'dry.' Professors of psychology had an office in the factory, and devised new and ingenious ways of increasing output, whether the work was pasting labels on jars or feeding furnaces with shovels of coal. The machine was everything. Indeed, men and women were at last viewed as flesh and blood machines; their very brains were trained so as to increase the production of mines, farms, and factories.

And to-day all branches of labor call a sudden halt with new and sweeping demands on the old forces of capital. It is a contest and crisis of the first magnitude; it turns President Wilson away from foreign affairs, reminding him that he owed his reëlection in 1916 to his hasty bargain with the Railway Brotherhoods, as embodied in the Adamson Eight-Hour Law with adjusted wages.

This labor thunderbolt leaves capital aghast, and dimly debating counter-crusades. The spirit and aims of America's 30,000,000 workers have been clearly set out by Mr. Gompers. His Federation plans 'to make to-day a better day for the masses and wage earners than yesterday was.' To-morrow must be brighter still. There can be no finality, for to set a goal is 'to negative the need and continuity of progress.' The Federation is 'evolutionary, not revolutionary,' refusing to believe 'in a cataclysm for the regeneration of society.' Insistence is laid upon duties as well as rights. Mr. Gompers has no patience with ca' canny methods or restriction of output. But the A.F.L., he says, is more than a purely economic league of Trade Unions. It is also 'political and sociological.'

'The masses are thinking hard,' the veteran points out. 'They are far more ready now to accept the lead of organized labor in pressing home upon the government the rights which the workers have been too long denied.' Such is the drama of the American scene to-day. 'Humanity is so immense,' mused Signor Orlando in his Paris disappointment, 'the problems raised by the life of peoples are so infinitely complex, that no man can fix or solve them by any exact unit of measurement.' The Germans, too, in sudden abasement, dealt upon the 'incalculable' (*unerfassbar*) in human affairs. What will be the outcome of America's hold-up in a world field of commerce that looked so clear, it is yet too early to predicate. The strategy of capital was perfect — but the trenches of labor, bristling abruptly, checked the victorious march.

The Observer

ITALY'S ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

THE disturbances set up by the scarcity of food in the cities of Italy have been allayed by the action of the government, and her financial difficulties are to be met, not by the doubtful expedient of a capital levy, but by

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the less complicated method of a forced loan. If the coming years of trouble and of scarcity of food, fuel, and raw material can be successfully tided over, her recovery from the war strain is at least as certain as that of any country in Western Europe. And it is well that facts and figures justifying this prediction should have been set forth in the little pamphlet now before us.* Concisely, and with much use of the graphic method in illustration and diagram, Signor Marchetti sets forth statistics of the increase of population, the agricultural and mineral production, the sources of mechanical power, and the revenue of the Italian Kingdom, and shows what is being done to increase its resources and to repair the ravages made by the war. And he lays stress both on the economic value of the traditional skill of the Italian workmen in various employments, and on the special value of Italian labor in increasing the wealth of the nation — a value due to its migratory character, which enables it both to multiply its activity, owing to the different dates of the harvest in various localities, and to find profitable fields not only in Switzerland, France, and — before the war — in Central Europe and the Near East, but in North Africa and across the Atlantic. The earnings of the Italian emigrant, whether he settles abroad permanently, or only crosses to Argentina for the harvest, are largely remitted to his relatives at home, or banked in his native country in order that he may eventually retire and spend the later years of his life on a small farm or vineyard of his own. These remittances, and the money spent in Italy by foreigners, together with the services of the Italian mercantile marine, redress the ostensibly adverse balance of Italian trade. There is no reason to suppose that this state of things will cease. And the progress in all departments of production since the early years of the Kingdom is likely to be resumed and intensified by the utilization of the sources of electric power in which the country is especially rich.

This progress, however, dates only from the establishment of the Kingdom. The economic supremacy of Italy at the Renaissance, and the financial activity which inspired one of the earliest contributions to the literature of the foreign exchanges, were lost under her alien rulers. The Neapolitan Kingdom became a byword for the idleness of its people, and Austrian rule in Lombardy and Venetia set up customs barriers, external and internal, and exploited the provinces for the benefit of the Austrian Government. But after the establishment of the Kingdom, population and production rapidly increased. In 1872, after the inclusion of the Papal States, population was 26,800,000; in 1917 36,700,000; in 1913 the births were 31.7, the deaths 18.7 per thousand; and — unlike France — the births have exceeded the deaths even during the war. About 1881 the average annual production of wheat was 36,500,000 quintals; from 1911 to 1915 it was nearly 50,000,000; and the area under wheat has been increased during the war by five per cent. To make up for the check to agriculture due to the loss of draught cattle and the withdrawal of 25 per cent of agricultural labor, and to the difficulty of importing fertilizers, the Ministry of Agriculture has supplied tractors and agricultural machinery. When the pamphlet was published, 1,000 tractors were actually at work, and as many more were arriving. Raw silk, a staple product, in which Italy takes the lead among Mediter-

**The Economic Revival of Italy.* By Livio Marchetti. Unione Tipographico-Editrice Torinese, Turin.

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ranean countries, rose from 4,070,000 kilos in 1892 to 5,207,000 kilos in 1912, including that derived from imported cocoons, in 1912 about 21 per cent of the total; wine from a yearly average of 30,000,000 hectolitres in 1884–88 to 42,000,000 in 1910–14. Signor Marchetti hopes for a great further increase; but Italian wine will not replace German, and has not the reputation abroad of the great French brands, while the consumption of all wine is likely to decline in Great Britain, and the United States has 'gone nearly dry.' In the production of maize, 26,600,000 quintals in 1914, Italy was surpassed, before the war, only by Roumania and Austria Hungary; in rice, 5,400,000 quintals in 1914, she had no competitor in Europe, and had even a surplus for export. In the production of hemp, Italy was below Russia only, which, however, produced over four times as much on an average from 1909 to 1914 (3,549,000 quintals against 873,000). And it is hardly necessary to lay stress on her resources in other agricultural and horticultural produce — olive oil, oranges, lemons, fresh and dried fruits and nuts, flowers, poultry, eggs, and cheese; all well known in the markets of Western Europe.

Turning to minerals, iron ore has been more extensively worked of late years for native smelting, though the national resources in it are relatively moderate; and the treatment of pyrites for sulphur will supplement the national monopoly of that mineral now threatened from America and elsewhere. Marble is almost another natural monopoly but its production has sunk by 50 per cent during the war. Of coal, unfortunately, Italy is destitute, though it may possibly exist a mile and a quarter below the surface, and it is hoped that some day experimental borings will be undertaken by the government. But of lignite, of which there are considerable deposits chiefly in Tuscany, the production — some 500,000 tons yearly before the war — was largely increased last year, perhaps tenfold; and the railways have used it, though it has only two fifths of the heating power of coal. But the 'white coal' of the Italian mountain streams is a far more promising source of power. In 1899 there were 2,286 power stations; in 1911, 6,883; in ten years the consumption for light and power has nearly trebled, though more than 80 per cent of the energy available is yet unutilized; still, Italy has done more to use it, relatively, than France, Spain, Sweden, or Germany, and over twelve times more, it is estimated, than Great Britain. Electrification of the railways has already begun in the Alps, and the next line to be taken in hand is that from Modena to Turin and Genoa. To Italy, with its many steep gradients and tunnels, the improvement is of special importance. Steps are being taken, moreover, to form artificial lakes on the Sila plateau — at present only forest land — in Calabria, which will provide light and traction for Apulia and Eastern Sicily, and industrialize and irrigate Calabria itself. Electro-metallurgy, too, has a great future, especially in the Alpine valley of Aosta.

When Signor Marchetti comes to manufactures, he does not distinguish between those for which the country is specially adapted by its position or their historical development, and those which have been fostered by protection, such as cotton spinning, steel, and shipbuilding, and developed to an extent far beyond the needs of the country for them even as 'key industries,' and by a certain sacrifice of potential national wealth. We need not, therefore, deal with his figures here; we prefer to call attention to his

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mention of the industries which apply Italian skill to foreign raw material. Hats are produced for export out of felt made of merino or Australian rabbit fur; buttons from tropical nuts; rubber goods, earthenware from British kaolin; fine paper from Scandinavian cellulose, and even certain cotton textiles whose special merit is due to their designs. He is on still firmer ground when he lays stress on the increase of Italian foreign trade between 1881 and 1913, with its doubled exports and trebled imports — the balance being made up by emigrants' remittances, foreign visitors, and shipping services; on the Budget surpluses of the earlier years of this century; on the growth of revenue from 1,421,000,000 lire in 1884–85 to 2,524,000,000 lire in 1913–14; on that of national savings from 979,000,000 lire in 1881 to 5,796,000,000 lire in 1913–14; of the shipping in Italian ports during the same period from 32,000,000 tons to 113,000,000, of railway mileage from 5,510 to 11,030, and of passengers from 34,000,000 to 94,000,000. We are glad to see that he advocates further development of trade with France — temporarily lessened for about ten years from 1887 by the foolish jealousy and suspicions set up by the French acquisition of Bizerta, and by the groundless fears of restoration of the Temporal Power by a France become impossibly clerical. Relieved from German penetration, Italy has excellent prospects of a brilliant economic future. But it is dependent, in our opinion, on the caution and sobriety of her rulers. They must see that she emerges safely from her present difficulties, lives in harmony with her new neighbors, and keeps out of dangerous colonial enterprises like those which have hampered her in the past.

The Economist

THE COAL PROBLEM IN FRANCE

Readers will doubtless have observed that Mr. Hoover, in giving evidence before the Supreme Council concerned with economic reconstruction in France, is reported, according to the telegraphed summary appearing in the press, to have warned the council that it will not be prudent for France to rely upon coal imported from the United States. This, says the summary, has naturally caused considerable alarm in France, for the question of providing fuel is an exceedingly pressing one. Apparently the coal output in the United States is not increasing to the extent that was expected. It will be remembered that quite recently our coal controller informed the French Government that in view of the difficulties under which we are operating our coal mines at present it will not be possible to export coal from this country to the extent which we did either before the war or during the progress of hostilities. Consequently it remains to inquire from what sources France will be able to obtain fuel or fuel substitutes for motive power in the reconstruction of her industries.

In the period that preceded the outbreak of the recent war, France was accustomed to consume roughly 60,000,000 tons of coal; and of this amount she produced on an average about 40,000,000 tons within her own borders. She has, of course, as a result of the war, acquired the collieries of Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar district, but a large proportion of the new fuel resources placed at her disposal are, in fact, used, and are apparently required for the consumption of local industries. A Commission of Inquiry on the coal resources of France and on the coal-consumption question sat during the period of the

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war, and it was estimated at that time that if France could obtain from abroad as large a proportion of coal as she had been accustomed to import in pre-war years, and with the same facility, her total consumption should amount to over 80,000,000 tons, of which it was estimated that she would be able to produce within her own borders, in round figures, 50,000,000 tons. This was made up in addition to the pre-war production by an augmentation of supplies from coal seams which were believed on reliable authority to be workable during the period of the war; in addition, the opening up of new mines, which it is estimated will produce 1,000,000 tons; and, finally, 4,500,000 tons to be obtained from the annexed provinces. This leaves a deficit of approximately 38,000,000 tons, of which, before the war, some 20,000,000 tons were imported into France, a very large proportion coming from this country. As a consequence of the dislocation of industry brought about directly and indirectly by the war, and, no doubt, by various other causes, the total coal production in Europe has been reduced by a little over one third. That is to say, Europe, taken as a whole, is at the present time only producing, in round figures, something under two thirds of the total coal production, say, for the calendar year 1913. We have just said that while France consumed in pre-war years about 60,000,000 tons of coal, she produced within her own borders a little over two thirds of her consumption. There was, of course, a very large reduction in the output of the French collieries during the period of the war. But it would appear that that reduction has been further accentuated since the signing of the armistice and the conclusion of peace. Readers doubtless will have noted with surprise in the summary to which we have already referred that, according to the evidence submitted to the Supreme Economic Council in Paris, the production of coal in France has fallen to considerably less than half of what it was in the pre-war period. Consequently, if France is to maintain consumption at the level, say, of 1913, she will have to import more than two thirds from outside, or find some method within her own borders of supplying the deficit by some fuel substitute other than coal. In the pre-war period France, as said above, obtained the bulk of her supplies from Great Britain. She also obtained supplies from the Central Empires, particularly Austria-Hungary. In addition, she imported coal from Belgium, and a small amount from various other sources.

If Mr. Hoover's warning proves justified, and the United States is only able to spare a very small amount of coal for export, and, as said above, this country will not be able to send coal to France on the accustomed scale, it seems evident that both Belgium and the Central Empires will require all the coal they are able to raise themselves for home consumption. The most important source of supply in France itself in the pre-war period was the Pas de Calais, in which district it is believed to be possible, from investigations made during the war, to which we have already referred, to considerably increase the supply. The Province of the Nord came next as a source of supply, and the Loire district third, other coal basins in various parts of France supplying varying quantities which appear to have equaled in the aggregate the supplies obtained both from the Northern Province and from the Loire basin. As is the case with us, so far as consumption is concerned, the needs of

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the domestic grate form only about 19 per cent of the total requirements of the consumer, various industries being responsible for a consumption exceeding 80 per cent. The proportions, however, are very different from ours. The Mercantile Marine, for example, in pre-war days only consumed 2 per cent; 'various industries' consumed nearly 30 per cent; the metal trades consumed 19½ per cent; and the railways under 15 per cent. As said above, the increased coal supply on the basis of pre-war production from the annexed provinces is, in round figures, 3,500,000 tons. But these provinces consume in their local industries considerably more than their own total production. Certain researches made during the war in the basin of the Pas de Calais, in the region of the Lyonnais, and in some other departments give reasonable hope that the total production of the French collieries may be considerably increased. But so far as actual exploration has indicated it will not eliminate the necessity of importing coal even up to the extent to which France was accustomed before the war, particularly if the hope is realized of developing her industries and the consumption of fuel of some kind considerably increases.

In the present condition of the international coal markets it is rather beside the mark to consider a consumption exceeding 80,000,000 tons. But it is evident that if France is to regain the prosperity she enjoyed in pre-war days her consumption will have to be at least up to the level of 1913. The commission to which we referred above recommended various proposals for avoiding the necessity of importing coal to the extent that had been customary in pre-war days. The principal remedy was the development of hydraulic or hydro-electric plants for the exploitation of water-power. To this we will refer in a minute. In addition to the employment of various motor spirits and inflammable oils, special attention was recommended to the various by-products of coal itself; improved machinery in obtaining coal, and the extracting of the by-products, and the avoiding, where it could be avoided, of the actual consumption of crude coal from which none of its by-products had been extracted; to improve the plants already using combustible oils; and finally, that investigation should be made regarding poor quality coal and various other fuel substitutes suggested by the commission. Before leaving the question of coal we may add that the Saar basin produced a little over 13,000,000 tons in the last clear year before the war, and the consumption of local industries and for domestic purposes only amounted to some 60 per cent of the total production. It is hoped that the production from the Saar basin can be considerably increased, and that by the method of recovering, as far as possible, the by-products and using coke where possible in coke ovens, a still larger surplus may be obtained.

There remains, of course, the great question not merely for France, but for the industrial world taken as a whole, to what extent it is, and is likely to be in the early future, possible to adapt hydro-electric plants for the purpose of using the water-power existing in the various European countries. France, as we said in a recent article on the subject, possesses greater potential water-power resources than any other European country. French engineers who have been appointed to inquire into the subject have made report to their government in which they estimate that it will be possible to obtain from the waterfalls, the rivers, and various other sources of power which exist in France something like

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8,000,000 horsepower. But this would involve the transportation of motor-power over a considerable distance. We dealt very briefly with this subject quite recently. Suffice it to say that it has already been conclusively proved in South America and elsewhere that the transportation of power obtained by the application of hydro-electric plants to water is quite feasible from the engineering point of view, and is not unduly expensive over a distance of 250 to 300 miles. Whether it can be done beyond that distance we have no authentic information. But many engineers are of opinion that with power-storage stations very much greater distances could be attained. As France, however, is not a very large country, the question of distance should not present abnormal difficulties. The installation of plants at present in France represents some 400,000 horsepower, and it is hoped by the end of this year to bring this figure up to 500,000 horsepower. Work was started during the war period, and we believe is still in progress, from which it is hoped by the end of 1921 to have installations actually working which will produce 850,000 horsepower. In its present state of development it does not seem probable that the plants actually installed will at the moment make up for the deficiency in coal supplies. France, as said above, has 8,000,000 horsepower estimated to be available from the application of hydro-electric plants to water. This is even greater than Norway, the next most important country in Europe, as a source of water power. The reason we referred above to the question of distance is that about half the potential horsepower obtainable from water would have to be brought from the Alps, and, as the reader is aware, the industrial regions of France are mainly situated in the northeast. There is, however, a large amount of power available in the Vosges and Jura regions of the Pyrenees.

It would appear that for the moment, until France is able to develop her water-power to a greater extent than has been done at present, she will have to make up the balance between the coal she is able to raise and what little she is able to import and her consuming needs by the use of various forms of petroleum and gas residuals, and particularly by the latter. As experiments have shown, in France there is a great saving in the fuel consumption by the use of these residuals, particularly in connection with the metal trades.

The Statist

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TALK OF EUROPE

AMONG the changes noticeable in this House of Commons is the absence of the hat when members are in the House itself. Formerly hats were universally worn when members were seated or in the lobby. Only the Whips were hatless in the lobby; that marked them out from the others. Now nearly the only members who still retain their headgear — both glossy silk toppers — are Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Frederick Banbury. Both make great play with it. Sir Frederick raises his hat when a Minister answers one of his questions or when, in the fencing phrase, he is *touché* in debate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer takes his off when he rises to speak and puts it on the table in front of him, and when listening to a speaker sits with it well forward over his eyes and his feet planted high up on the side of the table.

WHEN you buy a second-hand book and discover on its margins traces both of the 'observant thumbs' and industrious pencils of former owners, you are apt to be annoyed. 'A neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin,' offers, however, a temptation which some people find it impossible to resist, and the casual criticisms to which a sort of permanence is thus given are not always mere rubbish. It is true that I have not been lucky enough to find any valuable discoveries of this sort in my own books, but I live in hope, and I would by no means join with Macaulay in his contempt for marginalizers. Writing of the notes in Boswell's *Johnson*, which Croker added to those of Malone, Macaulay observes: 'They remind us of nothing so much as of those profound and interesting annotations which are penciled by seamstresses and apothecaries' boys on the dog-eared margins of novels borrowed from circulating libraries: "How beautiful!" "Cursed prosy!" "I don't like Sir Reginald Malcolm at all." "I think Pelham is a sad dandy."'

Marginalia of this sort have nothing to recommend them, and it must be admitted that some of Macaulay's own are not very much better. His running commentary on the margins of the six volumes of Miss Anna Seward's *Letters*, are described by Sir George Trevelyan as comparable with the breaking of a butterfly beneath the impact of a cheerful steam-hammer. Miss Seward, for example, characterized some sonnets, in the style of Petrarch, as 'Avignon little gems.' 'Little Avignon gems, if you please, Miss Seward!' is Macaulay's marginal comment, and when Miss Seward tells a correspondent that Dr. Johnson said to her: 'Come, my dear lady, let you and I attend these gentlemen in the study,' Macaulay appends the note: 'Johnson said *me*, I will be sworn.' These, however, are examples of Macaulay in his most pedantic manner. *Marginal Notes by Lord Macaulay*, which Sir George Trevelyan has edited, is a little book that contains a good deal of sound criticism, and, as its editor says, 'it is a rare privilege to journey in Macaulay's track through the higher regions of literature. His favorite volumes are illustrated and enlivened by innumerable entries, of which none are prolix, pointless, or dull.'

Burns, Byron, and Blake are three other authors who liked to jot down notes on the margins of the books they were reading. 'I would not give a farthing for a book,' Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, 'unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms.' And he told Dr. Moore that he had quite disfigured his copy of *Zelucco* with annotations. 'I never take it up without at the same time taking my pencil, and marking it with asterism, parentheses, etc., whenever I meet with an original thought, a nervous remark on life and manners, a remarkably well-turned period, or a character sketched with uncommon precision.' Burns, indeed, went to the length of writing an epigram on the margin of a splendidly bound but neglected copy of

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Shakespeare in the library of a nobleman in Edinburgh. Long after the poet's death, Andrew Lang tells us, these lines were discovered inscribed in the volume:

'Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.'

WHO wrote *The Young Visiters?* Sir James Barrie, who contributed the preface, or Daisy Ashford, to whom the publishers assign the credit? The writer of these lines is inclined to give the credit to Miss Ashford. Not so a correspondent of the *Saturday Review*. He writes:

'*The Young Visiters* is a case in point. It has been accepted as exactly the kind of book a child of nine would write. We have known many children as intimately as it is ever possible to know them at all, and some of them have been horrid. But we have never known a child horrid enough to write *The Young Visiters*. As the playful fantasy of an elder, it is charming. As the work of a child, it would be repulsive and contrary to all we have learned to like and admire in our young friends. Children are never facetious; they do not understand snobbery; and rarely, whether by accident or design, do they afford us any opportunity for the laugh in which mankind forfeited the happy simplicity of Eden. *The Young Visiters* is often facetious, as when Mr. Salteena eats the egg which Ethel laid for him; it is one long satire upon social snobbery by an expert who understands it better than Thackeray, and almost as well as Jane Austen; and there intrudes continually the smile of the serpent, as he watched our progenitors under the fatal tree. We are introduced to a "sinister son of Queen Victoria"; Mr. Salteena is described by his sponsor Clincham (earl of) as "an old friend of mine not quite the right side of the blanket, as they say"; and both at Rickamere Hall and at the "Gaierty" Hotel, smiles are invited in respect of bedroom matters. These are blemishes, because they impair the illusion our author desires to create and spoil his principal joke for the sake of a side issue. The principal joke is often so adroitly sustained that at times we are almost prepared to believe that a spoiled child of nine, in the habit of playing up to its elders and with that uncanny instinct which some children have for precociously divining things which they are not yet able fully to grasp, might have made even some of the weaker jokes which please the more adult side of Sir James's facile sense of the absurd. It is the more pity that the author has not been able to avoid his grosser slips; in particular, his implicit satire upon the popular novelette, which inspires the chapter upon Bernard Clark's proposal of marriage to the heroine.'

Now for the other side of the story. The following letter is addressed to the editor of the *Observer:*

'Sir: It is very freely alleged that Sir James Barrie is "obviously" part-author of Miss Daisy Ashford's delightful masterpiece; in fact, some few suspect that he is sole author. I would draw the attention of the doubting Thomases to some considerations which, to my mind, show that Miss Ashford wrote the story without aid from anyone.

'Miss Ashford's family is Catholic, and there are many indications of that in the book: a "decad" (*sic*) of the rosary is recited at the household prayers at Bernard Clark's; "Ignatius Bernard" and "Domonic" (*sic*) are names particularly familiar to Catholics; "clean altar boys" (not "choir boys") await the bridal pair; "Minnie Pilato," one of the "ancesters," is obviously a recollection of an often-heard passage in the Creed—"passus sub Pontio Pilato"; and certainly only a Catholic would have thought of that touch of Catholic asceticism—"he . . . decided to offer it up as a mortification."

'A friend with a good knowledge of child-nature is of opinion that Sir James finished the book, as children "never finish any story"; but some children do. (I have met them); also, there is that bit of Catholic asceticism on the very last page; moreover, little Miss Ashford was an omnivorous reader, and she cannot but have noticed how almost every novel ends with the music of wedding bells.

'So far I can claim only to have shown that Sir James Barrie did not write the whole book, but I venture to say also that the allegation that Sir James and Miss Ashford

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have conspired to foist a "fake" on the public is really a reflection on the good taste and good faith of Sir James and also of a lady. Of course, there are jests in literature, which are not intended to deceive and which "take in" only the hopelessly simple (Sir James has given us an example in "Liza, Author of the Play"— said play being *Peter Pan*). There are also more elaborate jokes, intended to mislead; but *The Young Visiters* is quite another affair. Surely the "Preface"— especially its last paragraph — would be creditable neither to Sir James nor to Miss Ashford if it were an elaborate hoax. The double-authorship theory simply comes to this, that Sir James allowed his good nature to override his good taste in order that the sale of a pseudo "child's story" (in reality, as he would know, written by a grown-up) might be promoted, and that Miss Ashford permitted it for an "elaborate jest" theory is surely out of the question. The whole charm of the book (especially its amusing disregard of the conventions) lies in its having *undoubtedly* been written by an innocent and ingenuous child, and Sir James is the last person in the world not to be fully appreciative of that. I put it to Mr. Hanford that "oozed" is merely a child's recollection of hearing the word "issued" and confusing it.

'Any teacher of children would tell "Lector" that small boys and girls can say the most amazing things. There is not a schoolmaster who could not give examples of what are apparently masterpieces of satire, humor, and what not, by some juvenile essayists blissfully unconscious of having produced anything satirical or humorous (I suspect the same can be said of some of the efforts of older authors). Were I rash enough to relate all the "howlers" that I have seen with my own eyes or heard with my own ears, I fear that not all my solemn affirmation plus my Roman collar would prevent my most trusting friends believing that I had invented some of them.

'To end an already too lengthy letter, I may say that I have evidence which renders inferences and deductions unnecessary, and which in my belief proves beyond question that Miss Daisy Ashford wrote every word (though doubtless some phrases were copied from books, or were overheard by a particularly observant child); but it is impossible to give it here, as I have not asked the permission of certain others to quote them publicly; so I must leave it at that.

'Yours, etc.,

'J. P. VALENTIN.'

St. Mary's Catholic Church, Hampstead.
August 18.

A MEETING of believers in Joanna Southcott was held at Camberwell recently to demand the opening of the mysterious box containing prophecies which the founder of this once fairly numerous sect is said to have left when she died in 1814, with the stipulation that it was not to be opened until its opening was demanded by 24 bishops.

It was stated that the hiding place of the box could not be divulged because the American branch of the believers was anxious to secure possession of it at all costs.

Mrs. Barnett, of Devon, denied that Joanna was an illiterate servant girl. She had, said the speaker, foretold nearly all the points about the war, including the coming of the Zeppelins and the danger to London from the skies. The speaker further stated that a message was 'delivered through supernatural channels to the late Bishop Boyd Carpenter' to the effect that in the month of October things were going to be terrible in this country unless the box was opened. It could only be opened between May and December.

Joanna Southcott was born in 1750, the daughter of a Devon farmer, and for some time was a domestic servant. She was originally a Methodist, but left that body upon becoming convinced that she had supernatural powers, and she at length had some 100,000 followers. She died of brain disease after announcing that she was about to give birth to Shiloh.

IT is not possible yet to arrange cheap tours in France, for, with the great difficulty of transport, the government is not ready to encourage foreign visitors to the invaded districts. French people from other districts are going up there in great numbers — the motor-charabancs which

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run from Rheims are paying handsomely — but only those English folk who have gone to France for other reasons — for business or for health — have much chance of getting to the battlefields through ordinary travel agencies, though day trips from Paris to the nearer battlefields are made three times a week.

Half-a-dozen officers who have been in France throughout the war have opened an Imperial Travel Bureau, and seem to have overcome all difficulties, for they are running four-day motor-car tours from Boulogne or Amiens at a charge of 35 guineas, and every day take over parties of people, who go to Cassel, Ypres, Lille, La Bassée, Loos, Lens, Vimy, Arras, Bapaume, Albert, and the Somme, accompanied by officer guides who know the district thoroughly. For 100 guineas longer tours are made to British, French, and American battlefields, and 35 guineas extra take the travelers to Verdun. A great number of people whose desire is to visit some special grave are doing this through the bureau, which charges 20 guineas and places a motor car at their disposal for a day. Of course, such expensive journeys are only possible for people of wealth.

THE *Morning Post* has lately been printing quaint epitaphs in its column devoted to gossip and humor. Two perfect epitaphs, one an example of the sublime and the other of the ridiculous, may be cited in the following, the first of which Dean Stanley is said to have chosen as the most beautiful of those in Westminster Abbey. It is: 'Jane Lister. Deare Childe'— simply that. The other, to Lady O'Looney (Dorset) has the true smack of the Emerald Isle:

'Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-colors and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was the first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

And here are two from the United States: The first, in a Nevada burial ground, runs: 'Sacred to the Memory of Hank Monk, the Whitest, Biggest-hearted, and Best Stage-driver of the West, who was Kind to All, Thought Ill of None. He lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero; and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets.' The second also belongs to the Far West: 'To Lem S. Frame, who during his life shot 89 Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1843.'

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress between the French Minister of Justice and a group of English capitalists for the sale to the latter of the important champagne business of G. H. Mumm and Company, of Rheims. The proprietor of this well-known brand of champagne was Baron de Mumm, or Baron von Mumm as he would more correctly be called, an officer in the German army who left this country in haste a few days before war was declared, accompanied by most of the principal members of his business staff, who were also enemy subjects.

The business and the whole of the large stocks of champagne stored in the vaults at Rheims were in due course placed under sequestration by the French judicial authorities and are now to be disposed of in connection with the general liquidation of enemy property in France. The price offered for the business by the British group in question is understood to be in the neighborhood of five millions sterling.

HUIS TE DOORN, which, report says, the ex-Kaiser has bought as a permanent residence, has more of the appearance of a small English country house than most of its neighbors. It stands in a pleasant park, with water and a kind of drawbridge. The neighborhood is one of summer resort. Besides country houses, some occupied throughout the year — one of a florid magnificence, recalling a modern hotel, is known as Hyde Park, really Heyde (Heath) Park — there are the summer villas of Amsterdam and other families studded round and right in the village of Doorn. This charming spot lies on the road, traversed by a light railway, from Utrecht to Arnhem. It is a tree-lined route — more or less a

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continuous range of woods, along which, the saying is, a squirrel could travel between the two cities without touching earth.

AGAIN we turn to the fortunes of the ex-officer. What can Europe do for him? Does America need him; can she help him? Appalling stories appear day after day in the British press. A friend writes: 'I know a young Flying Corps officer who was a brilliant pilot. He tried to get work, but all that was offered was a job as an unskilled mechanic at £2 10s. a week. His furniture, bought on the hire system, was seized by the lenders; what his wife and baby are doing I do not know, but the last time I saw him he was cadging a few shillings from any friends he met to help him to live. He should not have refused the mechanic's job pending something better, but as an officer of the Air Force he expected something better.'

A CONFERENCE of those interested in the theatre has been taking place at Stratford on Avon. On August 23 the subject was the little theatre movement. Mr. Norman MacDermott was in the chair. The following report has been clipped from the pages of the *Morning Post*:

'In introducing Mr. Ernest Rhys, editor of the *Everyman* library, Mr. MacDermott observed that for a theatre to be "little" was not in itself a virtue, though America had developed a special pride in houses that would not seat more than sixty.

'Mr. Rhys said that small communities could afford only small theatres, and that the value of a repertory theatre varied with the value of the plays presented. The Little Theatre should be a pliable, flexible, elastic instrument. The English people had the dramatic instinct strongly developed, and would readily respond to any drama that was an expression of life. The Greek drama owed much to the constant inter-action of the theatre and life around it. The artist must not separate himself from the crowd. When once art or literature parted company with life its vitality was greatly impaired.

'Mr. Bakshy, the author of *The Path of the Modern Russian Stage*, after a wholly superfluous apology for his English, declared that the repertory theatre had compromised itself badly with modern plays, which, provocative of thought, were properly the preserves of the "high brow." At the same time, "high brow" was a term which Caliban, had he been an American, would have applied to Prospero. Over the commercial theatre, admittedly in a state of decay, the Little Theatre had one great advantage. Each little theatre was independent of the others, and the collapse of one did not affect the rest. Again, each was free to develop on its own lines. In Russia there was no little theatre, but, on the other hand, a big production in Moscow or Petrograd was a national event, as much a matter of general concern as the Newmarket races in England. The Little Theatre was bound to be experimental, but without experiment there was no art.

'This speech, though containing much praise of his Everyman Theatre, Mr. MacDermott described as a bromide speech.

'Mr. Garside, who followed, gave a description of the Everyman Theatre, with the design and objects of which the visitor to Stratford has every facility for acquainting himself. It was right, Mr. Garside said, that the shareholders should receive no dividend. The holding out of hopes of pecuniary gain had been the ruin of several ventures of the kind owing to the managers having sooner or later to lower the standard of entertainment with a view to redeeming its pledges.

'The general discussion that followed was not particularly fruitful, and there were times when one looked through the old diamond-paned window at an Australian soldier sketching across the road and wondered how he was getting on.

'Miss Hope deprecated the attack on the commercial theatre. Mr. Lugg deplored the multiplication of all sorts of labels for theatres — repertory, little, round, square, oblong, and what not, and asked why we should not simply turn our thoughts to the theatre itself. Mr. Dawes, speaking of Leeds, a town where, by-the-by, a century ago the actor was stoned, said the two means of getting out of one's surroundings were drink and the drama. In reply, Mr. MacDermott defined the object of the

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Everyman Theatre to be the making, not of dividends, but of better citizens.

'What greatly militates against the probability of these conferences achieving substantial results is the fact that many of the members have come to Stratford with their own special pattern of fly, or bait (to use an angler's simile), the use of which is to work wonders if only someone will provide them with rod, reel, line, and a few other trifles.

'Before the discussion, Miss Elsie Fogerty read a letter received by her from Madame de Maratraye. "Englished" it ran as follows:

'"May I ask you to act as our interpreter to express to the organizers of the Conference our gratitude for the charming welcome given to us in that theatre which seems a temple of art. Those admirable actors; the happy blending of performers and audiences; the incomparable site of the little town; the impromptu friendliness of the proceedings, delighted us. We dream of returning next year, bringing with us a group of representatives of all forms of French dramatic art. What a pleasure it would be to me to introduce them to you."

'Miss Fogerty also stated that Miss Viola Tree would contribute to the proceedings of the Conference on Monday morning, when the subject will be "Music in the Theatre." '

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Eden Phillpotts, once known best as a novelist, is now winning laurels as a poet and essayist.

* * *

Oscar Browning, scholar and historian, is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

* * *

Mr. William Butler Yeats's last volume is entitled *The Wild Swans.* It has been reviewed in THE LIVING AGE.

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THE ROMAN ROAD

BY E. LE BRETON MARTIN

I love the grass-grown Roman Road
Crossing the bosom of the downs,
To conjure up the life that flowed
From all the busy bygone towns.
Beneath the sward, the sullen ground
Once echoed to the rhythmic tread
Of marching legions, northward bound,
Marking the highway with their dead.

I love to stand where Cæsar stood
Gazing across the smiling shires,
The same clean wind that cooled his blood
Tempers the sun's enlivening fires.
The dappled fields stretch far and wide
A gentler land than Cæsar trod,
When ruthless Saxon hordes defied
The maker of the Roman Road.

The ramparts that hid fighting men
Are carpeted with green and gold,
The cave that was a wild beast's den
Now serves a ploughman's gear to hold.
The road that echoed to the tread
Of marching legions, northward bound,
Is but a highway of the dead,
Dear Nature's happy hunting ground.

The Spectator

SONNET

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Forget all these, the barren fool in power,
The madman in command, the jealous O,
The bitter world, biting its bitter hour,
The cruel now, the happy long ago.

Forget all these, for, though they truly hurt,
Even to the soul, they are not lasting things,
Men are no gods, men tread the city dirt,
But in our souls we can be queens and kings.

And I, O Beauty, O divine white wonder,
On whom my dull eyes, blind to all else, peer,
Have you for peace, that not the whole war's thunder,
Nor the world's hate, can threat or take from here.

So you remain, though all man's passionate seas
Roar their blind tides, I can forget all these.

The Owl

SPORTING ACQUAINTANCES

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

I watched old squatting Chimpanzee: he traced
His painful patterns in the dirt: I saw
Red-haired Orang-outang, whimsical-faced,
Chewing a sportsman's meditative straw:
I'd met them years ago, and half forgotten
They'd come to grief (but *how*, I'd never heard,
Poor beggars!); still, it seemed so rude and rotten
To stand and gape at them with never a word.

I ventured 'Ages since we met,' and tried
My candid smile of friendship; no success.
One scratched his hairy thigh, while t' other sighed
And glanced away. I saw they liked me less
Than when, on Epsom Downs, in cloudless weather,
We backed the Tetrarch and got drunk together.

The Owl

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